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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

NO. V.—MR. COBBETT.

THERE never has been an European nation in which this writer could have arisen, and have been what he is, for so long a time, except only the dominions of George IV. He has existed by nothing but the freedom of the press; and therefore England alone, or revolutionary France, could have furnished him with the necessary field. In France his talents would have placed him at the head of a party, and he would have found the shoulders of his supporters but steps to the guillotine. But it is in England, and here only, that he could have been produced,—here only, that he could become what he is, the ablest of mob writers, the least successful of public men; the opponent whose abuse is the most virulent, and at the same time the least regarded; the most vigorous adversary of the aristocracy, yet the most despised laughing-stock of the people; the most uniformly obnoxious to the general mind, yet the most strenuous friend to every time-honoured prejudice; the politician, who with the largest fertility of talent and the most unwearied industry has failed in every thing he has undertaken; and yet with a kind of blundering omnipotence, still continues to amuse, to excite, and sometimes even to terrify society. Without a great mass of democratic opinion he would have had nothing on which to act, or whereby to sustain himself; without considerable

freedom of discussion, he never could have wielded his weapons; but for the general consciousness of great evils in our social system, he would have wanted objects which men would endure to hear denounced; and if we were not governed by the deeply founded predominance of an aristocracy, his abilities must at some time or other have enabled him to profit by occasion, and perhaps to raise a permanent power on a popularity, which has now long departed, and for ever.

Mr. Cobbett is the natural outgrowth of our soil; and as he could not have existed in any other country, so he can scarcely be understood by any but Englishmen. In France, Italy and Spain, the body who misgovern the nation have little power of perverting the opinions of the instructed classes, and therefore politics in these countries have been commonly studied as a science, and reduced to general principles. These are taken for granted by the persons who would now discuss such subjects, and the attempt to argue on any other grounds would only produce contempt and ridicule. But as the class by whom political power is held in this country are an aristocracy, supported partly by privileges and partly by wealth, the combined influence of these enables them to guide in a great degree the direction of public opinion, and prevent the universal reception of any determi-

nate political maxims to which every one might at once appeal in any question of the abuse of authority. This accounts, in a great degree, for the extreme ignorance and vacillation of Mr. Cobbett's reasonings, and also for the favourable reception which some of them have met with. But the indifference to wide and abstract truth, with regard to men's social interests, is by no means the only cause for the occasional popularity and constant notoriety of this singular author. He is really a man of very rare and particularly applicable abilities. He knows nothing, to be sure, of metaphysics, and is not very deeply versed in the higher mathematics. We doubt whether he could write a Greek ode, or price a Raphael, or comprehend Faust. But, on ordinary political subjects, his argument is wonderfully lucid and powerful. He deduces his conclusions so shortly, that we never lose sight of their connection with the premises. He states his reasoning in such homely and energetic language, and so impregnates it with all the force of the feeling which he wishes to excite, sets it in such a variety of lights, strengthens it with so much of fresh familiar illustration, and sharpens it with such cutting sarcasm, that there probably never was a writer whose paragraphs, taken singly, are so well calculated to carry along the minds of the less instructed classes: and, besides the qualities we have mentioned, there is, through all his works, an easy and negligent superiority, which gives an imposing look of conscious power. The most characteristic of his distinctions undoubtedly is, that he never wrote a sentence which is not intelligible at the first glance. The next point which marks him out from all the other authors of the time is, the inimitable energy of his scurrility: a merit the display of which is certainly not restrained by any very scrupulous delicacy, but shows itself in so bold-faced an exuberance, that, if one were inclined to make a Dictionary of our language, divided into

different classes of words, the commercial, the metaphysical, the laudatory, and so forth, a complete catalogue of the vituperative might certainly be collected from the writings of Mr. Cobbett. His third great glory is, an unparalleled impudence, an effrontery so excessive, as absolutely to have in it something of the awful. It is not the peasant trampling upon princes, nor the corporal treating the Duke of Wellington with an easy superiority; but the man of a thousand inconsistencies, and an almost universal ignorance, quietly taking for granted, as a matter settled years ago, that he himself, and he alone, is the fountain of all wisdom, that he holds in his hands the fate of England, and that he has prophesied, to the letter, every thing which was, and is still to happen, upon earth. This it is which sets our author at such an immeasurable distance above every one else, that he is undoubtedly the most amusing of mountebanks—the most sublime of quacks.

The great defect of his mind (barring common honesty) is his utter incapacity to generalize. He has a peculiar hatred to broad principles,—partly because they require the exertion of a larger intellect than his,—partly because if he ever recognized one such rule, he might find it an inconvenient restraint on his future laxity of lucubration; but chiefly, we believe, because he came upon the political stage with the formed habits of early life, which taught him to apply to every particular case, for itself, a sort of overbearing clownish shrewdness, such as is nourished among fields and farm-yards, speaks the language of the country market, and savours of crops and cattle. He never, therefore, attempts to compress into his robust and homespun sentences any guiding or standard propositions; but with the most ostentatiously simple subtlety, narrows to the uttermost the premises, or widens the conclusion, and by some bold knock-down reference to partial experience,

connects the one or the other with the cause or the consequence he aims at. It is thus that the whole existing universe, God and Mammon, ploughmen and placemongers, the debts and the bishops, figure alternately in every page as the origin and result of themselves and one another: while William Cobbett, of Long Island, Botley, or Kensington, stands superior (like an oracular oak) amid this rigmarole pageantry of all created things, and announces that, if the people will but buy his pamphlets, and the King make him Prime Minister, he will finally overmaster the principle of evil, drive paper money from the world, and re-establish the age of gold. Therefore, when any thing he wishes to prove is contrary to a commonly received political law, instead of attempting to show how and why this is erroneous, he thinks it sufficient to say, that it is put forth by "Scotch *feelosofers*," or that it is "the spawn of the beastly borough-mongering faction," and, therefore, utterly unworthy of his consideration. It is chiefly to this want that we must attribute the ephemeral nature of his influence, and the neglect which consigns Mr. Cobbett's speculations about passing events to the oblivion of the last week's play-bill and the last year's almanac.

He is also entirely deficient in imagination. It is a faculty that can only exist as the organ and interpreter of deep feelings and much-embracing thoughts: it is denied to ribald levity and systematic dogmatism: it is like the allegories of ancient mythology, or the temple of the Lord at Jerusalem, a rich treasure-house of symbols for things infinite and invisible: it is, as was sinless Paradise, a garden built of the bright relics of former beauty, and fruitful of the types of yet unexistent perfection. It is like the Titan of old story, who framed the goodly and unblemished body that was destined to be filled with the informing breath of the Divine Being; for glorious as are its creations, they are

motionless and lifeless, except when animated by the inspiration of truth. But in the author whom we are now considering, as there are none of these expansive and pregnant convictions, none of these consciousnesses of the master laws of the universe; so is there none of that power whereby they might be embodied and made palpable, and which fixes its images among mankind to be not only as spots in the desert of the brightest green and most grateful shadow, but as gushing forth the waters whereat the weary and desolate may drink in health, and strength, and comfort. He scarcely ever takes us away from those wretched and trivial tumults of the hour, in which our feelings come in contact with nothing but the follies and selfishness, the outward accidents and unhappy frivolities of our kind. He is of the earth, earthly, and would chain his readers to the clod of which his own soul is a portion. He never flings into the air those spells which would display to us the multitudinous shadows that people the waste infinite, genii and ministers to the laws of external and moral nature. Almost all his writings have, therefore, a tendency to narrow and embitter our minds; and to make the weary and bleeding world tread on and on to all eternity the same thorny round of faction.

His treatment of the "History of the Protestant Reformation" is a lamentable instance of those evil propensities to which we have alluded. The men who maintain that all was wrong before the Reformation, and that in Protestant countries all has been right since,—who assert, or go near to assert, that the great object was then accomplished and secured; that the mystical *projection* then took place; and that the world at that time received the stamp of those lineaments, which it must always wear, until they are destroyed by the final conflagration,—make as mere an idol of the handiwork of Huss, Wickliffe, and Luther, as they charge upon the Roman Catholic,

that he finds in the Popedom; or, as the Mohammedan erects for himself, in his idea of the Prophet's mission. They would prevent us from struggling on to further improvement; and because we have set out upon the journey, would keep us tied to the first mile-stone. The world needs much more of reformation than it has as yet received, and will ever stand in want of reformers, while it contains a vestige of ignorance and sin. But the writer who denies the value of that great impulse; who says that we ought not to keep up the progress which it aided, but to go back to the point at which it found us; who maintains that mankind are in a less hopeful condition now,—when thousands of eager and searching minds are feeling round them on every side, to seize the hem of the garment of Truth, than when no man was permitted to do any thing but kiss the robes of the priesthood; when the world is evidently wrestling with the throes of a mighty pregnancy;—than when, in tumult and passion, it conceived, three centuries ago, the long-borne burthen of promise;—the man who, without being misled by sectarian prepossession and with an obvious party-purpose, can, at this day, profess this doctrine, is to be classed, not with the lovers of wisdom or with the reformers of their kind, but with the noisy hounds of faction. It is not in this way that the cause of Roman Catholic equalization ought to be conducted. It is not by turning back our eyes to the bigotries of the past that we are to learn clarity for the future; it is not by imitating the barbarian tribes, which deified their ancestors, that we are to nourish into the image of God the generations of our descendants; it is not, in short, by vindicating the sectarianism of a sect, be it Roman Catholic, Protestant, or Hindoo, that we must teach ourselves universal toleration; but, by looking at all men, not as members of sects, but as partakers of a common humanity, whom it will be better for us, than even for them, to

bind to ourselves by the cords of love.

We have dwelt upon this matter the more especially, because it stands out from the other subjects of Mr. Cobbett's speculations, the occasion of a whole work—a separate and marvellous instance of the narrowness of his intellect, or of that from which almost all narrowness of intellect proceeds, the viciousness of his feelings. On many other points he is equally wrong-headed. He laughs at the political economists, while it is obvious that when writers give you the whole process of their thoughts, you ought only either to show errors in the reasoning, or object to the premises. We should be inclined perhaps to quarrel with some of the primary assumptions of the economists; but these are allowed by Mr. Cobbett, and built upon by himself in many of his arguments; and he scarcely ever attempts to expose any sophism or mistake in the course of their deductions. We might mention, if we had space, a variety of other matters whereupon this author is no less in error. But, in fact, Mr. Cobbett has, at different times, bestowed such exceeding pains in the attempt to refute or contradict every thing he has ever maintained, that to bring his opinions into discussion here, would be merely to inspire the slaughtered monsters with a galvanic life, for the purpose of again meeting them in combat. Since the time when it was said by the patriarch of critics, "Oh! that mine enemy would write a book," we do not believe that any one ever has written a book containing so grotesque an array of inconsistencies as "The Political Register." To compare one of its earlier, with one of its later volumes, remembering that both are written by the same hand, reminds us of those fantastic dreams wherein we fight and conquer some vague shape, which anon starts up again and engages with a shadow that wears its own former likeness.

There is one great merit in Mr. Cobbett—and one only—which is

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perhaps peculiar to him among the party-writers of the day. There is not a page of his that ever has come under our notice, wherein there does not breathe throughout, amid all his absurdities of violence and inconsistency, the strongest feeling for the welfare of the people. The feeling is in nine cases in ten totally misdirected; but there it is, a living and vigorous sympathy with the interests and hopes of the mass of mankind. Many persons will be ready to maintain, because he has shown himself at various times as not very scrupulous for truth, that he has no real and sincere good quality whatsoever, and that he merely writes what is calculated to be popular. But we confess we are inclined to think, from the tone and spirit of his works, that he commonly persuades himself he believes what he is saying, and feels deeply at the moment what he expresses strongly. It is obvious to us, that while he puts forth against his opponents the most unmeasured malignity, there is a true and hearty kindness in all that he writes about, or to, the people. He seems to us to speak of the poorer classes, as if he still felt about him the atmosphere of the cottage,—not as if he were robed in ermine or lawn, or in the sable gown of a professor,—but in the smock-frock of the peasant. And it would be useful, therefore, to peers and bishops, parliamentary orators and university dogmatists, if they would now and then read the books they always rail at. They would find in them a portrait, thrilling with all the pulses of animation, of the thoughts and desires of a class, the largest and therefore the most important in society, among whom that which is universal and eternal in our nature displays itself under a totally different aspect from that which it wears among us. Mr. Cobbett's personal consciousness of all which is concealed from our eyes by grey jackets and clouted shoes, has kept alive his sympathy with the majority of mankind; and this is indeed

a merit, which can be attributed to but few political writers. And far more than this, it is a merit which belongs to but few, among all the persons that have raised themselves from the lowest condition of life into eminence. Take, for an instance, the late Mr. Gifford, and see with what persevering dislike he opposed the interests and hopes of the portion of society to which he himself originally belonged. He seems to have felt the necessity of vindicating his new position, by contempt for his former associates; to have proved the sincerity of his apostacy from plebeianism by tenfold hostility to all but the aristocracy; and to have made use of his elevation only to trample upon those with whom he was formerly on a level. Now we do not think that Mr. Cobbett has taken the right way to advance the well-being of the people; but we certainly do believe, and we think that but for prepossession every body would incline to think, from the character of his writings, that he does really and earnestly desire to promote the happiness of the labouring classes.

This is the bright side of his moral disposition. The one saving elegance of his tastes is a hearty relish and admiration of outward natural beauty. There are many portions of his voluminous works, in which we seem to see the tufted greenness and fresh sparkle of the country through a more lucid medium, than in any of the writings of our best novelists or travellers. This arises from the happy fact, that his way of looking at things external has never been systematized. He retains all the old glad vividness of his apprehensions, wherewith he used to look upon the fields and hedge-rows when he was a whistling plough-boy; and he puts the clouds, cows, and meadows into his pages, with the simple clearness of description that naturally results from this feeling. Men, who were more early instructed, see every thing in connection with wide

and vague trains of association, which dilute and confuse the direct strength of their perception. But

"The cowslip on the river's brim
A yellow cowslip is to him,
And it is nothing more."

It is nothing more to him in the way that it is any thing more to us. It is to him a little flower, which recalls no poetical descriptions, and does not suggest the images of the nymphs, or Pan, or even of elfin dancers. But it appears to him with all the firmness and liveliness of impression which it gave to his boyish senses, and so he offers it to us; and, in truth, he does his spiriting gently. But we are far off from the turbulent politician. We had wandered with him into the rich cornfield, surging and gleaming to the wind, and dappled with the shadows of the clouds,—we were resting from the din of factions among the happy plenteousness and varied forms of animal enjoyment which crowd the farm-yard,—but the cock crows, and, like uneasy ghosts, we must away.

We believe we have treated Mr. Cobbett more lightly than he would have been handled by most men. But we do not think that his gross and manifold sins are such as seem likely to be particularly mischievous at present. When the people are better educated, they will be little at the mercy of the abusive violence and ludicrous inconsistencies of such writers; or rather if, as a nation, we had been better brought up,—if the Legislature and the Church Establishment had done their duty,—a person with Mr. Cobbett's abilities, and in his original position, would not have grown up what he is. Had he been taught the easy wisdom of love, instead of the bitter lessons of hatred and ambition, he might, he must, have been an instrument of the most extensive and permanent good. He would have brought us nearer to the poor and lowly; he would have domesticated truth and religion at the fire-side of the cottager; he would have bound us all more closely, in the embrace of com-

mon sympathy and mutual improvement.

As it is, he is merely a writer of extraordinary powers; a politician of vulgar and petty objects. There is a downright and direct simplicity in his sentences, and a copiousness of unelaborate illustration, which would render him the most perfect of writers for the people at large, if there were not in his opinions a confounding together of all systems which are not philosophical, and at the bottom of his mind an indifference to truth, which have prevented him from ever doing a tithe of the good he might otherwise have accomplished. For what are his improvements in the the manufacture of bonnets, his delightful "Cottage Economy," and his singular and powerful volume of sermons, when weighed against all the misapplied influence and wasted talents, which he has been burying through life under heaps of scurrility and inconsistency? It is painful to think of all that such a man would have been induced to do under a better social system, and to compare it with the little he has effected towards regenerating a bad one. He will doubtless say of us, if he mentions our observations at all, that "another of the brethren of the broad-sheet, I suppose, some starving Scotch *feelo-safer*, who has come to London to pick our pockets, and help to support the *THING*, has been writing a parcel of trash about me. A pitiful rascal, who probably never saw me in his life, unless I may have given him a penny for sweeping a crossing, and pushing his greasy hat under my nose, has pretended to give the world an account of my character. He ought to be much obliged to me for mentioning his beastly slanders, as the world would otherwise never have heard of them. As it is, he need not imagine that I shall attempt to answer him. Though, I suppose, indeed, the poor devil's only hope lay in his expectation that I never should hear of his dirty work." But my readers need not suspect that I

shall condescend to notice his laughable accusations. All the world, except his Majesty's Ministers, have long ago acknowledged, that no man but William Cobbett can save this country from utter ruin. And his Majesty's Government will soon be obliged to come sneaking to my house at Kensington, to persuade me to tell them how they can get us out of the mess. But the King knows already, that I will not assist him to save England from destruction as

long as he refuses to give me uncontrolled power over the *THING*, by making me Prime Minister. My readers know how my predictions have been accomplished; and I now prophesy, that this will happen before Easter; we shall then have the *feelosofers* eating their words, (and a dirty dish they make,) and till then, I leave them to the cheesemongers."

Our readers see, that we write with our eyes open to the consequences of our temerity.

TO THE SWEET-SCENTED CYCLAMEN.

I LOVE thee well, my dainty flower!

My wee, white cowering thing,
That shrinketh like a cottage maid,
Of bold, uncivil eyes afraid,
Within thy leafy ring!

I love thee well, my dainty dear!

Not only that thou'rt fair—
Not only for thy downcast eye,
Nor thy sweet breath, so lovingly,
That wooes the caller air—

But that a world of dreamy thoughts

The sight of thee doth bring;
Like birds who've winter'd far from hence,
And come again (we know not whence)
At the first call of spring.

As here I stand and look on thee,

Before mine eyes doth pass—
(Clearing and quick'ning as I gaze)
An evening scene of other days,
As in a magic glass.

I see a small old-fashion'd room,

With pannell'd wainscot high—
Old portraits round in order set,
Carved heavy tables, chairs, buffet
Of dark mahogany.

Four china jars, on brackets high,

With grinning Monsters crown'd;
And one, that like a Phoenix' nest,
Exhales all Araby the Blest,
From yon old bookcase round.

And there a high-back'd, hard settee,

On six brown legs and paws.
Flow'r'd o'er with silk embroidery,
And there,—all rich with filigree,—
Tall screens on gilded claws.

Down drops the damask curtain here

In many a lustrous fold;
The fire light flashing broad and high,
Floods its pale amber gorgeously
With waves of redder gold.

And lo! the flamy brightness wakes

Those pictured shapes to life—
My Lady's lip grows moist and warm,
And dark Sir Edward's mailed form,
Starts out for mortal strife—

And living, breathing forms are round—

Some, gently touch'd by Time,
Staid Elders, clust'ring by the hearth,
And one, the soul of youthful mirth
Outlasting youthful prime—

And there—where *she* presides so well,

With fair dispensing hands—
Where tapers shine, and porcelain gleams,
And muffins smoke, and tea-urn steams,
The Pembroke Table stands—

That heir-loom Tea-pot!—Graphic Muse!

Describe it if thou'rt able—
Methinks—were such advances meet—
On those three, tiny, tortoise feet,
'T would toddle round the table,

And curtsy to the Coffee-pot,

(Coquettishly demure,)
Tall, quaint compeer!—fit partner he
To lead her out, so gracefully,
Le menuet de la cour!

Ah, precious Monsters! dear Antiques!

More beautiful to me,
Than modern, fine, affected things,
With classic claws, and beaks, and wings,
("God save the mark!") can be—

How grateful tastes th' infused herb!

How pleasant its perfume!
Some sit and sip, with cup in hand—
One saunters round, when others stand
In knots about the room—

In cozy knots—there three and four—

And here, one, two, and three—
Here by my little dainty flower—
Oh fragrant thing! Oh pleasant hour!
Oh gentle company!

Come, Idler, set that cup aside,
And tune the flute for me—
Then—there! 't is done. Now, prithee, play
That air I love—"Te bien aimer
Pour toujours, ma Zélie."

Sweet air!—sweet flower!—sweet social
looks!—

Dear friends!—young, happy heart!—
How now!—What! all alone am I?
Came they with cruel mockery
Like shadows to depart?

Aye, shadows all—gone every face
I loved to look upon—
Hush'd every voice I loved to hear,
Or sounding in a distant ear—
"All gone!—all gone!—all gone!"

Some, far away in other lands—
In this—some worse than dead—
Some in their graves laid quietly—
One, slumb'ring in the deep, deep sea—
All gone!—all lost!—all fled!

And here am I—I live and breathe,
And stand, as then I stood,
Beside my little dainty flower—
But now, in what an alter'd hour!
In what an alter'd mood!

And yet I love to linger here—
To inhale this od'rous breath—
(Faint as a whisper from the tomb)
To gaze upon this pallid bloom
As on the face of Death.

A VISIT TO NEWSTEAD IN 1828.

IT was on the noon of a cold, bleak day in February, that I set out to visit the memorable Abbey of Newstead, once the property and abode of the immortal Byron. The gloomy state of the weather, and the dreary aspect of the surrounding country, produced impressions more appropriate to the view of such a spot than the cheerful season and scenery of summer. With melancholy feelings, then, did I proceed in search of this noble relic of conventual times, over which the departed spirit of the poet has now thrown the mantle of his genius, and cast a halo of fame, which ages will not dissipate. The estate lies on the left-hand side of the high north road, eight miles beyond Nottingham; but, as I approached the place, I looked in vain for some indication of the Abbey. Nothing is seen but a thick plantation of young larch and firs, bordering the road, until you arrive at the *Hut*, a small public-house by the way-side. Nearly opposite to this is a plain white gate, without lodges, which opens into the park. From the appearance which the Hut makes in Cary's Road-book, one might be led to think it an inn; and being situated so near the entrance to the park, of course a convenient place of accommodation for all visitors to the Abbey. It is, however, only a small pot-house belonging to the

estate, and does not afford even one bed. Before the gate stands a fine, spreading oak, one of the few remaining trees of Sherwood forest, the famous haunt of Robin Hood and his associates, which once covered all this part of the county, and whose centre was about the domain of Newstead. To this oak, the only one of any size on the estate, Byron was very partial. It is pretty well known that his great uncle (to whom he succeeded) cut down almost all the valuable timber, partly to pay gambling debts, and partly for pure mischief's sake, to injure the property which he knew would pass into another branch of the family, all of whom, in consequence of his having killed Mr. Chaworth, had forsaken him. So that when Byron came into possession of the estate, and indeed the whole time he had it, it presented a very bare and desolate appearance. Unluckily he had not fortune enough to do what has since been done on such an enlarged scale, and with so much taste, by the present owner, Lieut. Colonel Wildman, and which alone can render the property intrinsically valuable. The soil is very poor, and fit only for the growth of larch and firs; and of these upwards of 700 acres have been planted. Byron could not afford the first outlay which was necessary in order ultimately to increase its worth, so

that as long as he held it its rental did not exceed £1300 a year. From the gate to the Abbey is a mile. The carriage-road runs straight for about 300 yards through the plantations, when it takes a sudden turn to the right; and on returning to the left, a beautiful and extensive view over the valley and distant hills is opened, with the turrets of the Abbey rising among the dark trees beneath. The effect at this spot is admirably managed, and fully compensates for all the disappointment at not seeing it sooner. To the right of the Abbey is perceived a tower on a hill, in the midst of a grove of firs. From this part the road winds gently to the left, till it reaches the Abbey. About half a mile from the high road is another gate, with a wall running east and west. Here the plantation ceases, and the trees, from this forward, are arranged in small circular patches here and there, as if to cover the nakedness of the land. The Abbey is approached on the north side: it lies in a valley, very low, sheltered to the north and west by rising ground; and to the south, which is now to be considered the front, enjoying a fine prospect over an undulating vale. It can only be called open, properly, to the south-west, as the land on all the other sides is more or less elevated. A more secluded spot could hardly have been chosen for the pious purposes to which it was devoted. To the north and east is a garden walled in; and to the west the upper lake, into which Byron's uncle one day threw his wife; and on the borders of which are seen the baby forts mentioned by Horace Walpole in one of his letters describing a visit to Newstead. It was here that Byron amused himself with his boat and his dogs, the qualities of one of which he has immortalized in his verses. Of the external appearance of the building, a much better idea may, of course, be formed from a glance at a drawing than from pages of description. On the west side the mansion is without any en-

closure or garden drive, and can therefore be approached by any person passing through the park. In this open space is the ancient fountain or cistern of the convent, covered with grotesque carvings, and having water still running into a basin. The old church window, which, in an architectural point of view, is most deserving of observation, is nearly entire, and adjoins the north-west corner of the Abbey. About the mysterious sound produced at certain times by the wind on this arch (as mentioned in the thirteenth canto of *Don Juan*, the whole of which description relates to Newstead,) I could obtain no information. Through the iron gate which opens into the garden under the arch, is seen the dog's tomb: it is on the north side, upon a raised ground, and surrounded by steps. The verses inscribed on one side of the pedestal are well known, being published with his poems; but the lines preceding them are not so—they run thus:

Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed beauty without vanity,
Strength without insolence,
Courage without ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a dog,
Who was born in Newfoundland, May 1803,
And died at Newstead, November 18th, 1808.

The whole edifice is a quadrangle, enclosing a court, with a reservoir and *jet-d'eau* in the middle, and the cloister, still entire, running round the four sides. At this time the ground was covered with deep snow. The south, now, as I have said, the principal front, looks over a pleasure garden to a small lake, which has been opened from the upper one since Byron's time. There were before two lakes, one on the west, which is the principal, and another supplied by a stream from it, at a considerable distance lower down to the south-east. The entrance-door is on the west, in a small vestibule, and has nothing remarkable in it.

On entering, I came into a large stone hall, and turning to the left, went through it to a smaller, beyond which is the staircase. The whole of this part has been almost entirely rebuilt by Col. Wildman: indeed, during Byron's occupation, the only habitable rooms were some small ones in the south-east angle. Over the cloister, on the four sides of the building, runs the gallery, from which doors open into various apartments, now fitted up with taste and elegance for the accommodation of a family, but then empty, and fast going to decay. In one of the galleries hang two oil paintings of dogs, as large as life: one a red wolf-dog, and the other a black Newfoundland with white legs—the celebrated Boat-swain. These are the dogs that used to drag him out of the lake, into which he would purposely fall to try their fidelity. They both died at Newstead. Of the latter, Byron felt the loss as of a dear friend. These are almost the only paintings of Byron's that remain at the Abbey. From the gallery I entered the refectory, now the grand drawing-room—an apartment of great dimensions, facing south, with a fine vaulted roof and polished oak floor, and splendidly furnished in the modern style. The walls are covered with full-length portraits of the old school. As this room has been made fit for use entirely since the days of Byron, there are not those associations connected with it which are to be found in many of the other, though of inferior appearance. Two objects there are, however, which demand observation. The first that caught my attention was the portrait of Byron, by Phillips, over the fire-place, upon which I gazed with strong feelings: it is certainly the handsomest and most pleasing likeness of him I have seen. The other is a thing about which every body has heard, and of which few have any just idea. In a cabinet at the end of the room, carefully preserved and concealed in a sliding case, is kept the celebrated

skull cup, upon which are inscribed those splendid verses:—

"Start not,—nor deem my spirit fled," &c.

People often suppose, from the name, that the cup retains all the terrific appearances of a death's head, and imagine that they could

"Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit:—"

not at all—there is nothing whatever startling in it; nothing can be cleaner and less offensive—in fact, nobody would know, were he not told, that it was not a common bone bowl. It is made of the crown of the head cut straight off, so that all the disgusting portion of a skull is avoided; is well polished; its edge is bound by a broad rim of silver; and it is set in a neat stand of the same metal, which serves as a handle, and upon the four sides of which, and not on the skull itself, the verses are engraved. It is, in short, in appearance, a very handsome utensil, and one from which the most fastidious person might (in my opinion) drink without scruple. It was always produced after dinner when Byron had company at the Abbey, and a bottle of claret poured into it. It was wrought by a man at Nottingham, who was severely reproved by a worthy divine not far from Newstead for this profanation of the dead. The reply of the workman, that he should be happy to make a similar one out of his head after death, upon being equally well paid for the trouble, so alarmed the reverend gentleman, that he was taken seriously ill, and confined for a considerable time to his house. An elegant round library table is the only article of furniture in this room that belonged to Byron, and this he constantly used. It may here be observed as a matter of course, and a thing applicable to the other rooms as well as to this, that the windows of the Abbey originally looked into the cloister or quadrangle, and that the present ones are of modern date. With this exception, and not taking into consi-

deration the destruction of the church and other buildings belonging to the Abbey, it does not appear that the structure has undergone material changes in its external form or internal arrangement. Beyond the refectory, on the same floor, is Byron's study, now used as a temporary dining-room, the entire furniture of which is the same that was used by him: it is all very plain—indeed ordinary. A good painting of a battle, over the sideboard, was also his. This apartment, perhaps beyond all others, deserves the attention of the pilgrim to Newstead, as more intimately connected with the poetical existence of Byron. It was here that he prepared for the press those first effusions of his genius, which were published at Newark under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. It was here that he meditated, planned, and for the most part wrote, that splendid retort to the severe critique they had called down, which placed him at once among the first poets, and stamped him as the keenest satirist of the day. And it was here that his tender and beautiful verses to Mary Chaworth (afterwards and now Mrs. Musters,) and many of those sweet pieces found among his miscellaneous poems, were composed. Then a place of deep and abstracted thought—now of merriment and rejoicing: but the memory of Byron flings over it a charm which attracts more strongly than the most sumptuous banquet. From the study I passed through several other rooms, fitted in the modern style as sitting and bed-rooms for the use of a family of rank: all extremely neat and tasteful, and kept in beautiful order: but having been in his time totally uninhabitable, in no way remarkable as concerns the noble poet. His bed-room is small, and still remains in the same state as when he occupied it. It contains little worthy of notice besides the bed, which is of common size, with gilt posts, surmounted by coronets. Over the fire-place is a picture of Murray the old family servant (now dead,) who

accompanied Byron to Gibraltar when he first went abroad. A picture of Henry VIII., and another portrait in this room, complete the enumeration of all the furniture or paintings of Byron's remaining at the Abbey. In some of the rooms are very curiously carved mantle-pieces with grotesque figures, evidently of old date. In a corner of one of the galleries there still remained the fencing foils, gloves, masks, and single sticks, he used in his youth. A certain honourable M. P., who was once as able a combatant in blows as he has since proved in words, might perchance recognise these implements of war, having received from them raps as severe, perhaps, as any he has had within the walls of St. Stephen's. In a corner of the cloister lies a stone coffin (which may also be remembered by another gentleman, Mr. S——D——), taken from the burial-ground of the Abbey. The ground floor contains some spacious halls, and divers apartments for domestic offices—many in a state unfit for occupation, and filled with repairing materials. There is a neat little private chapel in the cloister, where service is performed on Sundays. Byron's sole recreation here was his boat and dogs, and boxing and fencing for exercise, and to prevent a tendency to obesity—which he dreaded. His constant employment was writing; for which he used to set up as late as two or three o'clock in the morning. His life here was an entire seclusion, devoted to poetry.

The present servants' hall was then the dining-room; it is a large cold place, paved with stone: but was one of the few rooms impervious to the weather. Byron first sold the estate to Mr. Claughton, for the sum, as I am informed by the then bailiff to it, of 135,000*l.*; and upon the agreement not being completed, Mr. C. paid forfeit of 25,000*l.*;—but I do not vouch for the accuracy of this statement. It was then sold to Lieut. Col. Wildman for 95,000*l.*—much more than its intrinsic value.

Notwithstanding all that has been done, a large sum of money would be required to complete the repairs. During the last five years of Byron's minority, the Abbey was tenanted by Lord De Ruthven for 100*l.* a year, for the purposes of sporting. Besides the principal entrance from the high road, the Abbey may be approached by a bridle road through the park from Papplewick, the nearest village to it—and from Annesley, a village two miles to the west. For a pretty landscape, the way by Papplewick is best: but for effect, that by Annesley is decidedly to be preferred. By the former you pass through a newly planted avenue to the Abbey, having on the left the lower and middle lakes, and see the turrets long before you arrive. Whereas coming from Annesley, nothing is seen till you are at the top of a hill close to the Abbey, when the south front of it bursts suddenly on the sight, frowning in gloomy grandeur from below. It was from this quarter that I first saw it; and, putting aside all association of ideas, I thought a more mournful, dreary-looking place never was beheld. In winter especially, nothing can be more desolate: the bleak country around, the thinness of the population, and the miserable villages,—all impress one with feelings of melancholy. For an abbey, this is so much the better: it would require but little to put it into a state which would realize all our ideas of monastic seclusion. Even now, a warm imagination, more especially on a dismal day, and when no company is there, can easily conjure up the persons and habits of its former tenants, and fancy centuries long

gone by restored to the earth. With the addition of the simple manners of old, the illusion might be complete: but, alas! in this, morally more than physically, how is the abode of sanctity changed! This pile, once the secluded haunt of those who had retired from the world and devoted themselves to God, and here

"Sought a refuge from the worldly shocks
Which stir and sting the soul with hope, that
woes, then mocks,"

is now the resort of dandy valets and forward grooms—the seat of fashion and its follies, where the corruption of manners of the nineteenth century taints every nobler feeling of the heart, and cold formality takes the place of cordial benevolence. From the total absence of all accommodation in the neighbouring villages, it is very inconvenient for any one not having an invitation to the Abbey to visit Newstead; and but few people unacquainted with the possessor have visited the place, nor is there much encouragement for them to do so.

I can easily conceive the annoyance to which the possessor must be subjected by the obtrusive enthusiasm of the admirers of Byron, and make every allowance for the reluctance manifested to have the place shewn; but surely he might have expected, when he purchased the estate, that, in addition to the numbers who would continue to visit the Abbey as a specimen of architecture, thousands would be attracted thither by the fame of the poet, and would consider it more as a relic bequeathed to the admiration of posterity, than the property of a private individual.

THE EASTERN STORY-TELLERS.

IT is a circumstance, even in a philosophical point of view, by no means undeserving of attention, that at no time has any of the nations, now professing the Mahomedan

faith, possessed a *drama*. The ancient courts of Memphis, Jerusalem, and Susa; the modern of Bagdad, Cairo, Cordova, and Ispahan, though, in every other branch of luxury and

splendour, vying with or surpassing all others of ancient or modern times, never enumerated among their sources of enjoyment the imitation of the scenes of many-coloured life by the combined efforts of several individuals. Yet in Greece and Italy on the one side, in Hindostan and China on the other, the theatre arose in every city and town of eminence. Even the simple islanders of the South Sea had a rude pantomimic mode of representing the events and the business of actual life.

It would be perhaps idle to seek to point out any general cause of this fact; for what argument would apply to the state of society in ancient or modern Persia, or Egypt, that would not be of equal force in the case of India or China? But as, under every form of society, man seeks to be entertained and interested, we may justly inquire what has, with these nations, supplied the place of the drama: and we at once find our reply—the story-teller.

Rude nations, such as were our Gothic sires, the Huns of Attila, and the old Romans, according to Niebuhr, used to divert their leisure, after the feast, by listening to the deeds of their fathers sung in measured language to the accompaniment of the harp or pipe, by the poet or minstrel. Fictitious heroes and fictitious events, where magic lent its aid to increase the interest, were also sung; and gradually these essays ripened into the drama. But in the east, by the skill of the narrators, the art of story-telling was brought to a high degree of perfection; and this perhaps it may have been that prevented the growth of the scene and theatre. The story-teller, in fact, is what Matthews is, compared to the regular companies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. In his own person he combines the talents of many; and his power of interesting and detaining an audience is fully equal to theirs.

Accordingly, throughout the Mahomedan East, the story-tellers are everywhere to be met; and in the

cities, they are so numerous as to form, like the trades, a corporation, under a particular head called the Sheikhol-Meddah, or Sheikh of the coffee-house narrators. In all places, and at all hours, they are ready to produce their wares; and everywhere they are sure to find an eager and attentive audience. "Sail," says Mr. Von Hammer, "down the Tigris, or up the Nile; travel through the deserts of Irak, or the delicious plains of Syria; seek the valleys of the Hejaz, or the delightful solitudes of Yemen; every where you will meet professional story-tellers, in listening to whose tales the people find their greatest amusement. They are to be seen in the tent of the Bedoween and the hut of the Fellah; in the village coffee-houses, as well as in those of Damascus, Cairo, and Bagdad."

But the art is not confined to the story-teller by profession. Private individuals, particularly in the camps of the Arabian deserts, often excel in this talent; and when the cool of evening approaches, the Bedoween crowd around a member of their society who is so gifted, to drink in with eager ears the tales of romance and wonder that flow from his eloquent lips. The celebrated orientalist just quoted gives, on another occasion, an animated and picturesque description—and highly valuable as taken immediately from nature—of a Bedoween audience and narrator; of which description we shall attempt to convey some notion.

To form an accurate idea of the magic power which tales of spirits and enchantment exert over the burning imagination and stormy feelings of the Arab, one must have heard them delivered by the lips of an expert narrator to a circle of Bedoween, —a race who, as their prophet describes them, delight in hearing, seeing, and acting. One must have seen these collected and closely crowded circles, not only in the midst of cities and in the coffee-houses, where idle auditors, effeminately reclined on sofas and pillows,

slowly sipping the juice of the berry of Mocha and the smoke of tobacco, resign themselves to the impressions with which the eloquence of the narrator soothes the ear by well-rounded periods, and by the magic of neatly cadenced prose, richly interspersed with verse. One must also have seen circles of Bedoweens crowd with close shoulders around the narrator of the desert, when the burning sun has sunk behind the sandhills, and the thirsty ground sips up the cooling dew. No less eagerly do they devour the tales and fables which they have already perhaps heard a hundred times, but which, nevertheless, thanks to the mobility of their imagination and the skill and talent of the narrator, still operate upon them with all the strength of novelty. One must have seen these children of the desert; how they move and act; how they melt away in tender feelings, and kindle up in rage; how they pant in anxiety and again recover their breath; how they laugh and weep; how they participate with the narrator and the hero of the tale in the magic of the descriptions and the madness of passions. It is a real drama, but one in which the spectators also are actors. Is the hero of the tale threatened with imminent danger?—they all shudder and cry aloud, *La, la, la, Istaghfer Allah*. No! no! no! God prevent it! Is he in the thick of the battle, mowing down, with his sword, the troops of the enemy?—they grasp theirs, and spring up as if they would fly to his aid. Is he betrayed into the snares of treachery and faithlessness?—their forehead contracts in wrinkles of angry displeasure; they cry out, *The curse of God upon the traitors!* Falls he at length beneath the superior numbers of his foes?—then their bosom heaves forth a long and glowing *Ah!*—accompanied by the usual blessing of the dead, *God's mercy be upon him! may he rest in peace!* When, on the other hand,

he comes back victorious and crowned with glory, from the conflict,—loud cries of *Praise God, the Lord of Hosts!* rend the air. Descriptions of the beauties of nature, and especially of the spring are received with a many times repeated *Taib! taib!* Well! well! And nothing can equal the pleasure that sparkles in their eyes when the narrator leisurely and *con amore* draws a full length portrait of female beauty.—They listen with silent and breathless attention, and when at length the story-teller concludes his description with the exclamation, *Praised be God, who has created beautiful woman!* they all cry out in full chorus, with the inspiration of wonder and gratitude, *Praised be God who has created beautiful woman!* Forms like this, frequently interspersed in the course of the discourse, and lengthened out with well-known proverbs and periphrases, answer merely for resting-places to the narrator, or by means of them to spin on the thread of his narrative quietly and composedly, without any new expenditure of memory or imagination. Where the narrator in a European circle would merely say, *And now they continued their journey*, the Arabian orator says, *And now they went over hills and dales, through woods and fields, over meads and deserts, over plains and trackless paths, up hill, down dale, from the dawn of morning till the evening came.* During modes of speech of this kind which flow from his lips unconsciously, he collects his attention and sets forward the stuff of his narrative till the sinking night or his exhausted lungs compel him to break off his tale, which would never come to an end if he were to comply with the wishes of his auditors. A story-teller, moreover, never ends his tale with the evening, but breaks off in one of the most interesting parts of it;* promising to give the continuation or conclusion of it the next eve-

* This will illustrate the division of the Thousand and One Nights, and the artifice of the ingenious sultaness to obtain the respite of another day.

ning; and if it really ends in the beginning of the next evening, he immediately commences another, of which the continuation is again put off till the following evening, and thus evening and evening are woven together by a series of stories.

These social rings closed around the story-teller, in which the Bedoween, either listening to, or himself relating, tales, passes half the night, and enjoys, after the burning heat of the day, the refreshing coolness, are called, by a peculiar name, *Musa-merit*, that is, *Discourse in bright moon, or starlight nights*; and *Essemir* is the appellation of him who delights or takes a lead in these nocturnal discourses, in which, when the narrative is finished, and not till then, the company converse of it, and its wonderful events. The more wonderful a story is, the surer it is of producing its effects upon the auditors; and the wonderful, be it ever so incredible, or ever so worn out, always finds a welcome reception.

.. quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi—
and the narrator never runs any danger of any of the auditors checking him with a

Quodcumque ostendis mihi, sit incredulus odi
in the sense of Horace. In general, several of the precepts in Horace's

Art of Poetry hold good for the Arabian narrators only in a contrary sense; and diametrically opposed to the entire spirit and character of an Arabian tale is his precept to the poetic narrator.

Semper ad eventum festinal; et in medias res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit;—

The Arab begins every tale as far back as ever it is possible,—nay, it is even an especial artifice of the narrator, instead of hurrying the auditor into the middle of the scene, to lead him about through two or three halls of entrance, so that he remains for a long time uncertain of where the true approach to the scene of the tale really will be. But if the Arabian narrator follows so little this Horatian precept, he attends so much the more closely to the one immediately after.

Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.

The more wonderful and the more varied a tale is from beginning to end, the more it claims the approbation and admiration of the hearers; and hence the great and well-merited fame of the Thousand and One Nights, the mere translation of which was a valuable enjoyment for the genius of Pope, though it could give no relish to the taste of Warburton.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SCRIPTURES.*

THE variety of styles employed by the several writers of the Old Testament Scriptures, renders biblical learning one of the most extensive and difficult studies in which a scholar can be engaged. In the review of particular portions, especially, we meet with all those difficulties which attend the examination of writings, referring to scenes and times whose character is altogether different from those with which we are acquainted. These difficulties,

moreover, are increased by the nature of the narrative or subject in which they occur. The ancient records of religion have frequently a meaning and reference which belong to some peculiarity in the system they were written to develope, and it is these points which are often illustrated by the allusions to objects and circumstances present to the writers of the several books. Thus we have not only to search for the frequently hidden and peculiar mean-

* Scripture Natural History, or an account of the Zoology, Botany, and Geology of the Bible, by William Carpenter. 8vo. pp. 608. Wightman and Cramp. London, 1828.

ing of Scripture phraseology, but to examine with the most careful attention the sources themselves from which its metaphors and illustrations have been drawn.

There are, in the sacred writings, difficulties of two kinds; the one purely of a doctrinal character, the other common to the Scriptures with all other ancient compositions. A good biblical scholar therefore must be versed in the works of the great and laborious men who have devoted themselves to the elucidation of both these departments of theological learning. But the assistance which a student possesses in the former object of his pursuit, is incomparably greater than what he can obtain in the latter. Commentary upon commentary meets his attention at every step, and the extensive and valuable collections which are published of the old theological critics, furnish him with all the aids which human learning can afford him. The consequence of this, accordingly, is the readiness with which we find the doctrinal parts of the Scriptures explained by those who pay any attention to the subject, and the extreme want of skill manifested by them in unfolding and displaying the beauties of their peculiar phraseology, or in explaining passages in which the meaning depends on local allusions.

In one respect, we are afraid, this want of skill, in a very important branch of biblical learning, results from an inadequate idea of its consequence. That which can be at once worked up into a sermon or lecture, is duly valued, because it is of more immediate and practical application; but a knowledge, which is principally of importance to the student himself, or which can only be incidentally displayed, is not likely to be sought for, but by the most diligent and acute inquirers after scriptural truth. It must, however, be confessed, that this, in a great measure, results from a want of works of general reference on these points. The publications of many intelligent Eastern travellers, afford invaluable ma-

terials for illustrations of Scripture: but these are not always within the reach of a retired theological student; and when they are, they are not fit for immediate reference. Of the works which have been professedly written on the natural history of Scripture, the greatest and the best is too voluminous and expensive for the ordinary purposes of study. We mean the "*Physica Sacra*" of Scheuchzer, of which there is a French and a German translation. The "*Hierobotanicon*" of Celsius is also extremely valuable; but, in its original form, not likely to be of general use. The same may be said of the scientific remains of Forskål, the Swedish naturalist, who travelled into the East with the celebrated Niebuhr, and died on his journey. Bochart, Professor Paxton, and others, might also be named, as having written on the subject of Scripture Natural History, but their works are very little known to the generality of English readers, or even, we believe, to many professional ones. The "*Natural History of the Bible*," by Doctor Harris, comes under the same observation, and is, in fact, not adapted for general circulation.

To whatever causes, however, we attribute the want of that species of knowledge which is required to the perfect understanding of scriptural phraseology, the low state of biblical learning, in this respect, deserves a serious consideration. The whole force and beauty, and, very often, the most important meaning, of certain passages, can only be perceived by a perfect knowledge of the things to which the writers allude; and the circumstances and peculiar character of different objects which are mentioned in Scripture, are most frequently those not likely to strike a careless or unskilful observer. It should also be remembered, that the language itself, in which the ancient records of our religion are written, is of a nature which almost utterly forbids its being well understood, without the knowledge of which we are speaking. Simple, and confined

in its vocabulary, its very idiom is metaphorical, and there is scarcely a sentence composed in it, without some allusion being made to the objects of external nature, their peculiar habits or qualities.

Convinced, therefore, as we are, that an essential good will be effected by any aid given to the wider diffusion of knowledge on these points, we have taken up Mr. Carpenter's book with considerable pleasure, and we are happy in finding that he has performed his task with much learning and judgment. We give the following specimen of his manner of using the materials he has collected, taken from the zoological part of the volume :

"THE ONAGER, OR WILD ASS.

'Who from the forest ass his collar broke,
And manumised his shoulders to the yoke ?
Wild tenant of the waste, I sent him there
Among the shrubs to breathe in freedom's air.
Swift as an arrow in his speed he flies ;
Sees from afar the smoky city rise ;
Scorns the throng'd street, where slavery drags
his load,

The loud-voiced driver, and his urging goad !
Where'er the mountain waves its lofty wood,
A boundless range, he seeks his verdant food.'

SCOTT.

"This animal, which the Hebrews called *PARA*, and the Greeks *ONAGER*, is a much handsomer and more dignified animal than the common or domestic ass. Oppian describes it as 'handsome, large, vigorous, of stately gait, and his coat of a silvery colour ; having a black band along the spine of his back ; and on his flanks, patches as white as snow.' But it is to Professor Gmelin, who brought a female and a colt from Tartary to St. Petersburg, that we are chiefly indebted for our knowledge of the onager, or wild ass. The length of the male, which was something larger than the female, the Professor states to have been, from the nape of the neck to the origin of the tail, five feet ; his height in front, four feet four inches ; behind, four feet seven inches ; his head, two feet in length ; his ears, one foot ; his tail, including the tuft at the end, two feet three inches. He was less docile and more robust than

the female ; and had a bar or streak crossing at his shoulders, as well as the streak which runs along the back, and which is common to both sexes. On her legs, the female stood higher than the common ass ; they were also more slender and elegant in shape. Notwithstanding the state of exhaustion in which she was at this time, the Professor states that she carried her head higher than the ass, her ears well elevated, and showed a vivacity in all her motions. The colour of the hair on the greater part of the body, and the end of the nose, was silvery white ; the upper part of the head, the sides of the neck, and the body, were flaxen-coloured. The mane was deep brown ; commencing between the ears, and reaching the shoulders. The coat in general, especially in winter, was more silky and softer than that of horses, and resembled that of a camel. The colour of the onager, however, appears to vary, since Sir Robert Ker Porter describes one which he met with during his travels in Persia, the coat of which was of a bright bay colour.

"The onager is an animal adapted for running, and of such swiftness that the best horses cannot equal it. From this quality it is that it derives its Hebrew name ; and, as it prefers the most craggy mountains, it runs with ease on the most difficult ground. All the ancient writers who mention the animal notice his fleetness, especially Xenophon, who says that he has long legs ; is very rapid in running ; swift as a whirlwind, having strong and stout hoofs.

"To give the reader a correct idea of this animal in his natural state, which is essential to appreciate the fidelity with which the writer of the book of Job delineates his character, we cannot do better than transcribe Sir R. K. Porter's account of the one to which he gave chase.

"The sun was just rising over the summits of the Eastern mountains, when my greyhound Cooley suddenly darted off in pursuit of an animal, which, my Persians said, from the glimpse they had of it, was

an antelope. I instantly put spurs to my horse, and, with my attendants, gave chase. After an unrelaxed gallop of full three miles, we came up with the dog, who was then within a short stretch of the creature he pursued; and to my surprise, and at first, vexation, I saw it to be an ass. But, on a moment's reflection, judging from its fleetness it must be a wild one, a species little known in Europe, but which the Persians prize above all other animals, as an object of chase, I determined to approach as near to it as the very swift Arab I was on would carry me. But the single instant of checking my horse to consider, had given our game such a head of us, that, notwithstanding all our speed, we could not recover our ground on him. I, however, happened to be considerably before my companions, when, at a certain distance, the animal in its turn made a pause, and allowed me to approach within pistol shot of him. He then darted off again with the quickness of thought; capering, kicking, and sporting in his flight, as if he were not blown in the least, and the chase were his pastime.

"He appeared to me about ten or twelve hands high; the skin smooth, like a deer's, and of a reddish colour; the belly and hinder parts partaking of a silvery grey; his neck was finer than that of a common ass, being longer, and bending like a stag's, and his legs beautifully slender; the head and ears seemed large in proportion to the gracefulness of these forms, and by them I first recognized that the object of my chase was of the ass tribe. The mane was short and black, as was also a tuft which terminated his tail. No line whatever ran along his back, or crossed his shoulders, as are seen on the tame species with us. When my followers of the country came up, they regretted I had not shot the creature when he was so within my aim, telling me his flesh is one of the greatest delicacies in Persia: but it would not have been to eat him that I should have been glad

to have had him in my possession. The prodigious swiftness and peculiar manner, with which he fled across the plain, coincided exactly with the description that Xenophon gives of the same animal in Arabia. (Vide *Anabasis*, b. i.) But, above all, it reminded me of the striking portrait drawn by the author of the book of Job.

"I was informed by the mehermander, who had been in the desert, when making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ali, that the wild ass of Irak Arabi differs in nothing from the one I had just seen. He had observed them often, for a short time, in the possession of the Arabs, who told him the creature was perfectly untameable. A few days after this discussion, we saw another of these animals; and pursuing it determinately, had the good fortune, after a hard chase, to kill it and bring it to our quarters. From it I completed my sketch. The Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, in his most admirable account of the kingdom of Caubul, mentions this highly picturesque creature under the name of *goorkhur*; describing it as an inhabitant of the desert between India and Afghanistan, or Caubul. It is called *gour* by the Persians, and is usually seen in herds, though often single, straying away, as the one I first saw, in the wantonness of liberty."

"Let this account be compared with the description in Job:

'Who hath sent out the wild ass free?
Or who hath loosed the bands of the brayer?
Whose house I have made the wilderness,
And his dwellings the barren lands.
He scorneth the multitude of the city,
And regardeth not the crying of the driver.
The range of the mountain is his pasture,
And he searcheth for every green thing.'

Job xxxii.

"From the circumstance of the wild ass delighting in the most barren and arid regions, we gather the propriety of a passage in Isaiah, where the extreme desolation of the land of Israel, which was to be occasioned by the troops of Nebuchadnezzar, is foretold:

' Upon the land of my people shall come up
thorns and briers;
Even upon all the houses of joy in the joyous
city :

Because the palaces shall be forsaken,
The multitude of the city shall be left ;
The forts and the towers shall be dens for ever,
A joy of WILD ASSES, a pasture of flocks.'
Ch. xxxii. 13, 14.

" From the character of his habitation, it is obvious that the wild ass can subsist on the coarsest and scantiest fare. Professor Gmelin states that his female onager sometimes went two days without drinking, and that brackish water was better liked by her than fresh. A few blades of corn, a little withered grass, or the tops of a few scorched shrubs or plants, appear sufficient to satisfy the cravings of his appetite, and render him contented and happy. Hence we may conceive the extreme state of wretchedness to which Judah was exposed, by the dearth which Jeremiah describes in the fourteenth chapter of his book :

' The wild asses stood in the high places,
They snuffed up the wind like dragons ;
Their eyes failed because there was no grass.'
Ver. 6.

" The extreme propensity of the Jews, prior to the Babylonish captivity, to associate themselves with the heathen nations by which they were surrounded, in acts of idolatrous and obscene worship, has given occasion to the prophet to refer to another trait in the character of this animal, namely, the violence of its lust, and its unrestrainable eagerness to satisfy the promptings of desire : ' How canst thou say I am not polluted, I have not gone after Baalim ? See thy way in the valley, know what thou hast done : thou art a swift dromedary, traversing her ways ; a wild ass used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure : in her occasion who can turn her away ? All they that seek her, will not weary themselves ; after her season, they will find her.' ch. ii. 23, 24. Every means used to restrain them from their idolatrous purposes proved unavailing ; they

' snuffed up the wind at their pleasure,' and wearied the prophets of the Most High, till the armies of the Chaldeans subdued their spirit, and scattered them abroad for a season.

" The ignorance and self-conceit of man is strongly asserted in Job xi. 12, by a reference to this animal : ' Vain man would be wise, though he be born a wild ass's colt ;' *ass-colt*, not *ass's colt*, for, as Dr. Harris observes, colt is put in opposition to ass, and not in government. The whole is a proverbial expression, denoting extreme perversity and ferocity, and is repeatedly alluded to in the Old Testament. Thus, Gen. xvi. 12, it is prophesied of Ishmael that he should be, a wild-ass man ; rough, untaught, and libertine as a wild ass. So Hosea, xiii. 15, ' He (Ephraim) hath *run wild* (literally *assified* himself) amidst the braying monsters.' So again in ch. viii. 9, the very same character is given of Ephraim, who is called ' a solitary wild ass by himself,' or perhaps a solitary wild ass of the *desert* ; for the original will bear to be so rendered. This proverbial expression has descended among the Arabians to the present day, who still employ, as Schultens has remarked, the expressions ' the ass of the desert,' or ' the wild ass,' to describe an obstinate, indocile, and contumacious person. In Job xxiv. 5, robbers and plunderers are distinguished by the odious term of (*peraim*) wild asses. The passage refers, evidently, says Mr. Good, ' not to the proud and haughty tyrants themselves, but to the oppressed and needy wretches, the Bedouens and other plundering tribes, whom their extortion and violence had driven from society, and compelled in a body to seek for subsistence by public robbery and pillage. In this sense the description is admirably forcible and characteristic.' So the son of Sirach says (Eccles. xiii. 19) : ' As the wild ass (onager) is the lion's prey in the wilderness, so the rich eat up the poor.' "

MISS D. P. CAMPBELL'S POEMS.*

THERE are few things so delightful at any age, or in any point of our passage through life, as novelty ; and, in the present day, it seems to be sought after with singular avidity.

To the traveller, who has roamed through the loveliest and most celebrated scenes, no tidings can be so welcome and exciting as those of an untrodden and interesting country ; however distant, or difficult of access, it matters not : his fancy broods over it with enthusiasm, and he longs to wander there. In the world of literature also, the appearance of genius, of lofty or beautiful sentiment and description, in a spot where we expected only to meet with the weeds and briers, in fine, with the desert of the mind, seldom fails to awake in us kindly and favourable sentiments.

On the rude and tempest-beaten shores of the Shetland Isles, a gentleman of high literary name and attainments, and a friend of the writer, happened, during the last summer, to land, with the view of exploring, at leisure, this remote territory. He traversed the whole of the principal isle, Lerwick, and several of the smaller ones, delighted, it could not be said with the softness or beauty of nature, but with its fearful and magnificent features. Not a bush or shrub, much less any thing resembling a tree, was to be seen in the whole territory. Sad, miserable, and moss-covered hills and wastes were eternally present to the eye ; on the mountain, the valley, or the slopes, sheltered from the biting winds, not a blade of verdure was visible. Mounted on a sheltie, he passed over the melancholy wastes, till he began almost to love their barrenness and silence. For the inland lochs, that are met with at every league, are deep and clear, and stored with abundance of fine fish ; and the voes, or arms of the sea, enter into the

land so frequent and so far, that the traveller, in spite of the great width of the island, never finds himself more than two or three miles from the sea. These voes are in general narrow, and bordered on each side by lofty and savage rocks of every form, amidst which are sometimes scattered the fishermen's huts ; for the most excellent fish of every kind abound in them. These voes would often have the appearance of noble rivers, or inland lakes, were it not for the almost eternal swell and tumble of the water, coming from the north and western oceans on each side. The shores of the isles excel those of almost every other land in grandeur and wildness. Fitful and Sunborough Heads are already well known to every reader of the "Pirate ;" the terrors as well as height of the former have been greatly exaggerated in that beautiful tale. One circumstance of this traveller's journey in the Shetlands gave him more surprise, as well as pleasure, than any part of their strange and impressive features of nature ; it was the discovery, if it may be so called, of a lady of high poetical feeling and talent, a woman who had not only felt keenly the power and charm of her own impressive scenery, but had had the hardihood, even on "Torneo's sullen shore," to woo, gently and successfully, the muses that are thought to be natives of a warmer land. Miss Campbell is a native of Lerwick, the only place that bears the likeness of a town ; her father, who was once the physician there, died some years ago, leaving little heritage to his daughter, save the talents and feelings that heaven had given her. And these have been her sure and almost sole consolation in her own native "world in miniature," (where, however, every passion and pride of the larger one are found,) have cheered her to look

* Poems. By Miss D. P. Campbell, of Zetland. Baldwin. 1826.

forward to futurity, with a faint hope of fame, if not of riches. Alas ! it was faint indeed ! We have heard of more than one being, left desolate on some shore in the midst of the seas, where groves and streams were around him, but no human voice ; having carved his name on the bark of the trees, in the hope that, should any voyager land when he was no more, his name might thus be preserved from perishing. A similar feeling, probably, urged the Shetland poetess to persevere, amidst neglect, obscurity, and the coldness of those who, in her better days, had smiled on her way. A more discouraging situation can hardly be imagined, to a woman still in the prime of life, of a fine imagination and exquisite sensibility, with not a kindred spirit around her, and shut in, by her own stormy sea, from all intercourse with the world beyond. The productions of Miss Campbell are chiefly in verse, and consist of pieces descriptive of the wild scenery of her own isle, of the often equally wild yet simple manners and sentiments of its natives, varied with striking traits of feeling and passion.

The following lines are from a piece called the "Valley of Teu," (a romantic vale in Koningsburgh.) A youth, who has long quitted his native place for a distant voyage, recalls it with passionate regret :

"How dear are the days of the past to my soul ;
How sweet are the scenes of my childhood
and youth !

Roll back, ye blest moments of innocence, roll,
When the bosom was glowing with nature
and truth ;

When my feet fondly roved the bare mountains
among,

And green fertile vale spreading fair to the
view—

Where the mountain-stream rushes in beauty
along,

Like the murmuring burn through the valley
of Teu.

"And there is the path-way along the burn-
side,

Where I wandered with Ellen, sweet flower
of the vale !

Dear, loveliest Ellen ! my long-promised bride,
How cold is thy dwelling, thy beauty how
pale !

When the rising waves dashed on the echoing
shore,

And over the surges the loud tempest blew,
Did'st thou listen with anguish and dread to
the roar,

And think upon William, far distant from
Teu !

"And I, my beloved one, would seek thy cold
grave,

To share it and join thee again in the sky ;
But honor forbids that a son of the wave

Should shrink, like a coward, when battle is
nigh !

And battle is near, and to-morrow we go ;

Ye scenes of delight, an eternal adieu !

Soon, soon from this bosom the life-blood shall
flow,

And these dim eyes be closed—but far distant
from Teu."

The "Wedding day of Albert, a northern Tale," is one of the most beautiful pieces of this little collection. The festive scene is interrupted by the sudden presence of a girl he had formerly loved :

"Albert ! they said I was betrayed,
Left and abandoned for a wealthier maid ;
But, oh, my love ! I knew it could not be,
And they who told the story knew not thee !
They did not know thy soul—thy faith sincere,
And all that made thee to this heart so dear.
They watched my steps ; they told me I was
wild,

And would not let me go my love to seek.

"But I at length their watchfulness beguiled,
And I am here. But, Albert, I am weak
And sick at heart ; for I had far to roam
On the wild beach where wilder surges foam ;
Eager mid blackening rocks I careless
sprung,

And scared the eagles from their callow
young.

Ah, me ! I wander—lady, I have done,

And will away,"—she turned her to depart—
"The rose he gave is withered quite and gone,
And thou art withered too,—my broken heart."

The following lines from "Inchdarrack" show that the lonely author-
ess images scenes fairer than her
own :

"The wilderness of shrubs and flowers
That drink the balmy summer showers,
And forest branches bending low,
To catch the breezes as they blow ;
These beam alone in fancy's eye,
That views them richly gliding by ;
'Mid barren rocks, and valleys drear,
And the stern precipice of fear.

"Sorrow awoke my earliest lay,
And sorrow shrouds its closing day :

Inchdarrack ! to thy groves adieu !

These eyes no more thy groves shall view ;
Save when, perchance, in midnight dream,
To wander 'neath their shade I seem ;

"Or think I climb thy flowery brae,

Or hear the murmur of thy river :

Alas ! the vision flits with night away,

The storm-beat isle must be my home for ever."

The length of these extracts will, perhaps, be pardoned by the reader, when he reflects that they are the fruits of a mind that has known no

field fairer than "this prison of nature," the Isle of Torneo, to whose shore the words of applause or indulgence have seldom come.

THE ORPHAN.

AT the epoch, when terror covered France with scaffolds and tears, a young lady, equally illustrious by birth and celebrated for beauty, the Princess Fanny Lubomerska, was in Paris. In the midst of the convulsion, she relied for her security on the protection of the law of nations, and devoted her whole attention to the education of her only daughter Rosalia, who was then in her sixth year. Nevertheless, she was denounced to the Revolutionary Committee as a conspirator against the Republic, and was brought before that sanguinary tribunal. To be suspected, accused, and guillotined, was, in a few days, the lot of this interesting victim. On being arrested and separated from all her servants, she was allowed to bring her daughter with her to the Conciergerie, and when the unfortunate mother was dragged to the scaffold, she recommended her child to the care of some of the prisoners who remained behind. These, however, in their turn, soon experiencing the same fate, transferred to others the unfortunate infant, who was in this way bequeathed, *in articulo mortis*, from victim to victim. At last, little Rosalia found a protectress in a good woman, named Bertot, who was the laundress of the prison, who, feeling for the forlorn condition, and charmed by the interesting countenance of this orphan of the dungeons, added her as a sixth to the five children of whom she was already the mother. In this situation, so different from that for which fate seemed to have destined her, Rosalia showed that the qualities of her heart were as valuable, as the graces with which nature had endowed her person were attractive. Her sweet disposition, her eagerness to please her

benefactress, in all of whose labours she shared, made the good laundress feel for her all the affection of a mother, and bestow on her the same tender care as on her own children.

The reign of terror having passed away, the list of the victims of that period, which was published in every country of Europe, informed the friends of the princess, that, in a land called free, an illustrious Polish lady had paid with the forfeit of her life, the confidence she placed in a people whom she considered generous. On receiving this distressing news, Count Rezewonski, brother to the Princess, hastened to Paris. He took lodgings in the Hotel Grange Batelliere, in the street of the same name, and anxiously endeavoured to discover some traces of the daughter of his unfortunate sister; but several weeks were unsuccessfully spent in pursuit of this object. Every means of publicity was resorted to in vain. The poor laundress never read the journals, in which the advertisements, descriptions, and proffered rewards, were inserted. The gaoler of the Conciergerie, who could have given some information respecting the orphan, was dead, and had already had two successors. Nothing now remained to promise a favourable result to the Count's inquiries. However, Providence, which had thought fit to close the period of the young orphan's trials, ordained, that she, who had been the laundress of the Conciergerie, should be employed in the same capacity for the Hotel Grange Batelliere. One morning Rosalia accompanied her second mother, when she had to bring her burthen of linen to the hotel. The Count, who happened to be crossing the court at the time, was

struck with the beauty of the child, whose features brought his sister to his recollection.—“What is your name, my little dear?” said he. “Rosalia, Sir.” “Rosalia, do you say? Good woman, is this your child?” addressing the laundress. “Yes, Sir, I think I have a good right to call her mine, since I have adopted her and maintained her for these three years; but though I say she is mine, I cannot say I am her mother. Her poor mother was a prisoner, and she has now neither father nor mother.” “Her mother a prisoner, did you say?” “Aye, and a grand lady she was, Sir, but she was guillotined along with others in Robespierre’s time.”

The Count was persuaded that he had found his niece; but to be farther convinced, he made the experiment of speaking to her in Polish. On hearing the accents of her native tongue, Rosalia burst into tears, and throwing herself into the Count’s arms, exclaimed, “Ah! I understand you; that is the way my mother used to speak to me.” The Count had no longer any doubt; he pressed the child to his heart, exclaiming, “Rosalia! Rosalia! you are my niece, the daughter of my beloved sister!” Then turning to the laundress, whom surprise had ren-

dered motionless and silent, “Worthy woman,” said he, “be still the mother of your Rosalia, you shall not be separated from her. Since you made her one of your family when she was a destitute orphan, your family shall belong to hers in her prosperity. And now let us begin to share with you.” With these words, he put a purse of gold into her hands, and that very day provided lodgings for her and her children at the Hotel Grange Batelliere. Soon after he left Paris for Poland, whither Rosalia’s second mother and the whole family also went. The children of the laundress were educated under the eyes of the Count with the greatest care. The boys, who were sent to the University of Wilna, afterwards joined the Polish army, and became Aids-de-Camp to Prince Poniatowski. The daughters received handsome portions and were married to Polish gentlemen. As to the Countess Rosalia, she married her cousin, Count Rezewonski; and, when she related to me this affecting anecdote, opulence and felicity had spread their golden wings over her destiny. The good Madame Bertot still lived with the Countess, who called her always her mother.

LONDON.

[From the unpublished Travels of Theodore Elbert, a young Swede.]

THIS, then, is St. Paul’s. What a miracle of man’s pride; but how little does it suggest of man’s humility? Here are proportion, size, strength, all the meaner attributes of beauty, and beauty, too, itself. But how little of fitness? There is nothing of religion. The emblems on the funeral monuments are all of the earth, earthy. The whiteness of the light, the bright, active business of the area, the payment at the door, the hard, stolid worldly look of the Cathedral menials; what have these to do, I will not say with Christianity,

but with any other feeling than curiosity, with any deep sympathy, any trembling aspiration, with faith, or hope, or charity? Nothing—nothing whatsoever. It may be a good Cathedral; I am sure it is a bad church. This wide blank circumference, with the dusty banners above, and the statues of victory, and Neptune, and the stone lions around it, and the pattering feet and loud tones of idle wanderers; it is an exchange, a show-room, a promenade—any thing but a temple. It has nothing of the shadowy magnificence of the Teuto-

nic minster, harmonizing so well with all our higher and more obscure feelings. It was made as a haunt for Deans and Prebendaries; but who would think of bringing to it his prayers, his thanksgivings, and his penitence?

But, leaving the interior of the church, and mounting to one of the outer galleries, there is a change indeed. We lose St. Paul's, and see nothing but London. The building becomes no more than a vantage ground, from which to contemplate the vast city. Far and wide spreads over the earth the huge, dim capital of the world. Look northward over that province of brick, to the dim outlines of the hills, which seem scarce more than a part of the murky atmosphere; and west towards that other realm of houses, outstripping the gaze, and encircling other distant towers, and stretching away to the seats of government and legislation; and again south, where the wilderness of human habitations is cleft by the wide and gleaming river, laden with all its bridges, and fleched with a myriad of keels for wealth or idleness; and see, too, the broad fronts and soaring pinnacles of a hundred churches, and the port that raises against the sky its trellis-work of innumerable masts: and, over all this, is one hue of smoke, and one indistinguishable hum of activity.

It is difficult to reduce one's thoughts and feelings at such a spectacle, to any thing definite. The mind at first, is all vague restless astonishment, while the eye wanders over leagues of building: and sees every where the same working mass of busy vitality. How is it that the scene has been produced, which so fills and stirs us? How is it, that this portion of the world has been so cut off from all the rest, and set apart as the agent of such peculiar impressions? Time has been when there was nothing here but marsh and meadow, and woody knoll, and the idle river rolling down its waters between banks only trodden by the wolf and elk, to a sea, whither no

human eye had ever traced its course. Time was when the shaggy savage first leaned upon his club on yonder northern hill, turning his eager eyes over the green plain, and the broad river; and then led down some straggling horde of barbarians to rear their huts of mud and wicker beside the stream, perhaps upon the very spot now filled by this enormous pile of architecture. The wicker was changed for brick and wood, and the narrow dungeons, which were the homes of the other generations, threw their shadows over the weapons of the Roman legions, and over faces which wore the hues of every climate under the sun. The city became the home of burghers, the haunt of nobles, the seat of kings. The massy bridge, the moated castle rose; and the clumsy boats of those rude centuries began to float hitherward with every tide, till, with the halls of hundreds of Barons, and the guilds of hundreds of trades, now filled with mustering armies, now desolated by plagues and famines, sometimes active with revolt, and again glittering with royal triumphs, London became a mighty city. The growth of many ages, the greatness of a whole people, have made it what it is. Successes, which gave wealth to the nation, gave more than its share to the capital; and misfortunes, which desolated the country, have driven its population hither. The commerce of the world pours into its gates, and circulates through all its streets. Here are the thrones of three kingdoms, and of three-score colonies, of the provinces of the west, and the empires of the east, and hither come the gifts of subject millions. The tides of every sea, and the wheels of every manufactory on earth, speed the current of existence through the veins of London. And thus it is, that I am now surveying at a glance, this whole immense domain of bustle and competition, a kingdom of swarming streets, an enormous concentration of human wealth, power, and misery.

The recollections of London but

little accord with the feeling produced by the sight of it. At a distance, we think of a few resplendently bright, of a few pre-eminently dark, points in its history. The slaughter of Roman Catholic and Protestant martyrs by royal tyranny and sectarian intolerance,—the escape of the five members to the city,—the study of Milton,—the scaffold of Vane. But when we look upon the scene itself, we see little but the widespread collection of vulgar desires and fierce passions,—the size of Mammon's temple, and the number of his worshippers. We scarcely connect the idea of religion with those churches which are so entirely imbedded among worldly structures, and many of which we know to be completely the mere husks and shadows of devotion, scarcely ever entered even by a score out of all those thousands now hurrying past them,—empty pretences, and solemn mockeries! There is little to indicate any nobler intelligence than the mechanical among the crowds all bent upon gain, and surrounded by the ingenious devices of luxury, which mingle in yonder streets for the various rivalries of traffic. Every thing around is so alien from meditation, that we are inclined not to study and think upon it, but to take part in its restlessness, and give ourselves up to its absorbing interests. There is nothing here to which any feeling attaches itself, but the inclusion beneath our eyes of so many hundreds of thousands of our fellow-men. Extent, number, ceaseless and multitudinous occupation,—these are the objects which strike us. The details are only interesting as linked to these. For there is here no crumbling pyramid, or shattered Coliseum; no volcanic mountain filling the atmosphere of a city with the menace of death. But we are face to face with a larger mass of living and busy humanity, than on any other spot of the world's surface.

And is not this enough to think of? If the height on which I stand would enable me to look down into

the hearts of the crowds which pass beneath me, what could earth show of more profound and intense interest? These confluent streams of life are big with a thousand varieties of opinion and feeling, into all of which we can in some degree enter, and which cannot be thought of without an anxious and mysterious curiosity. The greater number of these persons are ignorant, misguided, opposing their will to duty, never to passion, utterly reckless and almost utterly wretched. I have, as it were, beneath my hand, a million of living souls; yet, in fact, to moral purposes, dead and decaying. Nurtured in alternations of toil and vice, they are, through life, bound down by the tyrannous necessities of their daily existence, or only loosed at intervals for the relaxation of debasing excess. Their sympathies are deadened by the want of sympathy around them; for the greedy poverty of the crowd has devoured almost all their love for their neighbour, and the more ravening selfishness of the rich, has, alas! swallowed up the whole of theirs. Many of these myriads know scarce any thing, but the pressure of the hour; the retrospect of the past is similarly painful; and, when they look forward for a moment to the future, they transfer to it the direct suffering or the unsatisfying pretence of pleasure which deforms the present. The dust eats the dust; and the image of God is degraded in man to the likeness of the beasts that perish. Yet wherefore should this be so? There are also in the city I look upon hundreds, at least, of expansive hearts and searching intellects, not indeed arrived at clear satisfaction, yet stirred by the prompting consciousness that there is a higher aim of being than the outward world or our senses and passions can furnish. They vary perhaps on innumerable subjects of prudence, of duty, of religion; but, while there is within a living power, restless and aspiring, there are also hope, and strength, and comfort. But, above all, there may be even

now moving among those undistinguished swarms below me, or dwelling upon that dim eminence which rises in the distance, some great and circular mind, accomplished in endowment, of all-embracing faculties, with a reason that pervades like light, and an imagination that embodies the essence of all truth in the forms of all beauty,—even such an one as C—, the brave, the charitable, the gentle, the pious, the mighty philosopher, the glorious poet. How strange is the bond which unites all these together under the name of man ! Or is not that which they have in common, the very capacity, by the cultivation of which we might exalt the meanest of those I see, into perhaps the highest perfection I have thought of ?

I am now standing on a building which proclaims to every eye in the capital of England the nominal supremacy of Christianity ; yet nine in ten of its inhabitants never turn a thought towards the benevolence and piety of Christ, while many of the remainder, with all the phrases ready in their mouths, which make their speech a confused jargon of worldliness and religion, yet feel, it is to be feared, no whit of love to God or man, but angrily cling to their sect, and idolatrously bow to some lifeless creed. Nor is this to be wondered at. Every thing around us tends to make religion a matter of forms, and names, and lip-service, and thereby to deprive it of all permanent hold upon the hearts of men. All, all is selfishness. Selfishness in the conduct of every one of the corporations which compose or minister to the government : selfishness in the intercourse of society : selfishness in the anxiety of every class to weigh down those below it. But where is the attempt at the moral culture of the people ? Or who the men that, without thought for the feeding of their own vanity, or the spread of their own power, go forth in courage and sincerity for the regeneration of their country ? If such there be, (and *some* such there are,) where are the signs of their exertions ?

Track home to their lanes and cellars many of the craftsmen and the labourers, the servants of our pleasure, and see amid their families the unquiet tempers, the sullen rages, the evil cravings, the mutual unrepentant reproaches, which add a sting to penury, and throw poison into the waters of bitterness. But if, instead of stopping there by the squalid fireside of the poor, we turn away to the dwellings of the rich, how much is changed in the shape, but how little in the material ! Here, too, are jealousies, and hatreds, and malignity, vulgar anxieties, and miserable ambitions. To be sure, the lean cheek of envy is fed from plate instead of earthenware, and self-oblivion is sought for in the costliest, not the cheapest, intoxication ; but the miserable debasement of human nature shows as foul in velvet and jewels as in rags.

Look at that dark roof,—it covers a prison : and there the laws of the country proclaim that the most atrocious guilt is collected,—the worst moral diseases. We do nothing to make men self-denying and conscientious. The Government says, "If you do not agree with us on every point of doctrine, you have no title to become wise or good, and we will not assist you." We surround the people with innumerable temptations. We do little towards instructing, nothing towards educating them ; and we set them the perpetual example of secure selfishness. A wretched child, born perhaps in a work-house, and nurtured in a brothel, is taught to gain his daily bread by crime ; and compelled, by the menaces of his protectors and the physical sufferings of hunger, to trample down his moral repugnance, plunders some rich man's superfluity. Again and again, perhaps, he succeeds : at last comes the sudden vengeance of the law ; and, to remedy the evil, he is thrown into a prison ; probably the only abode on earth worse than his habitual home. He learns still more to glory in criminal enterprise. The

pride of endurance comes to his aid : and with no good feeling strengthened, no new idea of man's social relations or higher duties communicated, he is disgorged, an outcast upon the world, again to prey upon his kind ; until, before he is yet a man, some consummate outrage brings him to the scaffold. Then through all these streets pours the dense throng of eager spectators ; and, while the bell sounds from yonder tower, thousands without a thought either of terror or compassion, but with the same love of excitement which makes them seek the inferior stimulus of a dram, hurry from every corner of London to see the horrible removal from the world of a being, who, perhaps, never heard the name of God or duty, or received the sympathy of one human creature. Such is society. Such is London.

Such scenes as these which well disgust us with cities. It has been often said, and is in some degree true, that the evils of humanity are increased by being brought together in towns ; that corruption thus communicates corruption, and that, in these hot-beds, every vice bears fruit after its kind. But be it remembered, that good has a tendency to spread as well as ill, and is no less living and productive. In the enor-

mous assemblage of minds I now survey, what an object is there for good men to act upon ! Evil as are the arts, and discoveries, and means of enjoyment, heaped up and displayed in this vast store-house of the world and treasury of invention, if they be considered as in themselves final ends ; how immeasurably valuable are they as instruments of real improvement ! And above all, placed here at the central heart and moving springs of the whole social earth, every beneficial impulse we may give will thrill, not merely through all the mass of this, the capital city of mankind, but will be felt in the utmost limits and recesses of the globe ! From this spot, the beneficent energy of a single man may produce good to the future generations of the whole race, which will be felt and celebrated, not merely when his bones are among the graves of the church-yard beneath my eye, but when the church-yard itself shall be encumbered with the ruins of this great structure ; when the remains of a fallen city shall have choked up the channel of yonder river ; when these palaces and towers shall have no inhabitant but the owl, and no visitant but the forest deer ; and silence and desolation shall prevail where once was London.

ASCENT OF A MOUNTAIN IN IRELAND.

LEAVING Mucness, I began the ascent of Mangerton by a mountain path from a little village called Cloghereen. As you ascend, you leave the lakes behind ; but from several points, when one turns about and looks down, the prospect is extremely beautiful. The lakes, studded with little wooded islands, and bounded by huge mountains, whose ample sides are clothed with trees, lie like a delicious picture beneath your feet, while the wreaths of curling smoke mark the town of Killarney in the distance, and new vistas open in the mountains to the right,

disclosing glens, whose gloomy sides are contrasted with the glittering surface of the little lakes that lie deep in their bosoms. At the height of nearly two thousand feet, on turning the shoulder of a slight and abrupt eminence, more perpendicular than the general line of the ascent, you come suddenly upon a still lake of very considerable extent, awfully deep and cold—this is called the “ Devil's Punch Bowl.” The name embodies in it a pithy moral ; for if Satan can boast no better liquor than this, it is an awful warning not to travel his way, nor put up in his

quarters. A Glasgow man, who was here once on a fine summer's evening, after tasting of the cool and crystal flood, exclaimed to his guide, "God-sake, man, what a glorious bowl of punch you would mak, if a buddy could turn intil't, for about half an hour, a stream of rum, like that that runs beneath the New Brig o' Glasgow after a Lammas flood; wi' the juice o' a' the leemons that grew since the creation; and twa lumps o' sugar, the taen as big as the High Kirk, and the tither the size o' the Infirmary!" "Anan?" said the guide, astonished at this speech, of which he hardly understood one word; but the man from the Gorbals, wrapped in the magnificence of his thoughts, heeded him not, and, musing, took his way down the hill-side. On the side of this lake, which you first reach, the hill is barely high enough to keep in the waters, while, on the opposite side, it shoots up in a steep ascent to the summit of the mountain. The climbing here is rather terrific, as the least slip would send you rolling backwards into the deep lake below; but my head was so full of a little experiment I had in view, that I thought not of the danger. I had been mightily taken with that notable new discovery of the celebrated sixpenny philosopher, Brougham, which overturns the antiquated systems of such fellows as K pler and Newton (whose discoveries formed a part of that "wisdom of our ancestors," which has been lately discovered to be all fudge,) and oversets the "ould" law of gravity, to the incalculable spread of useful knowledge, and the signal honour and glory of the new University. Now, in ascending Mangerton, I had been dreadfully pestered by a set of fellows, each of whom insisted on acting as guide to my honour, and, after many ineffectual efforts to dismiss them, I had changed my plan, and told them, that since no entreaties of mine could induce them to desist, as many might accompany me as chose. Meanwhile, I secretly

pleased myself with the thought of how cleverly I should outwit them. "Gravity," said I, extracting Brougham's treatise from my pocket, and reading therefrom, "gravity varies with the distance exactly in the proportion of the squares, lessening as the distance increases: at two miles from the earth, it is four times less than at one mile; at three miles, nine times less, and so forth." Very well, I continued, if, at one hundred yards high, these men weigh ten stone each, (and I am sure they were not more, for they were small light-limb'd fellows,) when we get up two hundred yards, that weight will be diminished in the ratio of one to four; and when we shall get eight hundred yards up the hill, which is near the top, their weight will be to ten stone each, but as one square is to eight square, that is, one to sixty-four; in short, they will be little more than two pounds a-piece. Here then was my scheme—the fresh mountain breeze made me feel as vigorous as ever I did in my life—So, thought I, I shall, on some pretence, range my guides in a row along the top of the mountain, at intervals of twelve paces, which will allow room for a tidy little run between each: then, taking my race, I shall give each, in succession, a kick so vigorous, that, as they will be then little heavier than so many blown bladders, I shall see them severally wafted down the hill, to at least half a mile from the point of impact, and I can get clear off at my leisure. On the brow of the hill then, over Satan's bowl of toddy as aforesaid, I ranged my men in order, and commenced operations; but, judge of my astonishment and dismay, when the first man, instead of floating swiftly down the hill-side, with an initial velocity proportionate to the impetus communicated by the lever power of my dexter toe, exhibited such an unphilosophical *vis inertiae*, as actually to withstand the shock, and collar me in an instant, demanding, with a volley of oaths, and in language somewhat of the

plainest, what the d—l I meant. The altercation soon turned the rest, who hastily inquired what was the matter. "The matter!" said he of the wounded seat, "I never got such a kick in my life; an' I'll take the law of him, so I will."

I never felt so convinced of the excellence of the metaphysical definition of solidity—it is, that resistance which we find in a body to the entrance of any other body into its place, until the former one has been removed. This resistance I had experienced to my cost; and it so completely upset my centre of gravity, that had not the fellow collared me so quickly, I should have been laid sprawling on my mother earth, floored by the equality of reaction to action; whereas I had expected but to beat the air. I looked as blank as a friar at a feast on a Friday; but as a man cannot have everything his own way in this world, like a bull in a china shop, I was fain to ascribe my proceeding to an occasional flightiness to which I was subject, and got off by tendering a golden remedy of sovereign efficacy for the sore place, and a full day's pay to all the rest. Then, muttering an anathema as mild as Doctor Slop's malediction on Obadiah, against all Jews, Whigs, atheists, lying philosophers, and other atrocious persons, I crept to the topmost summit of Mangerton.

Pardon, as Mr. Locke says, this little excursion into physics. The failure of my first essay in natural philosophy, left me in that frame of heavenly pensive contemplation best suited for relishing and appreciating the beauties of external nature; and now, indeed, a scene of inimitable grandeur burst upon my astonished sight. As I faced towards the east, I beheld a wide reach of the Atlantic, with the little islands, called the Blasquets, in the distance; farthest to my right the bays of Castlemaine and Dingle, with the hills above them, were visible on the southern horizon; while far upon my left, Bantry Bay was distinctly discerni-

ble; and more near me, in the same direction, the bay and river of Kenmare. Right beneath lay all the glories of Killarney—groups of mountains, richly wooded, dwindled into conical, or fantastically shaped hills from the height at which I stood, while sections of the different lakes stealing in amongst them in every direction, and reflecting the dancing sunbeams, gave light and effect down to the very base of every group. The whole scene more resembled one of "those painted clouds that beautify our days," and deck the sunny skies of imagination, than anything one is accustomed to in nature and reality. Then came a change—a thick mist suddenly spread itself over the valley, and soon, in volumed masses, came rolling up the mountain's side, with a fearful and astonishing rapidity, and then sweeping across the whole line of view, shut the scene, as though it were a curtain drawn by the hand of God across the face of his most glorious creation. One minute all was sparkling in the sun, the next enveloped everything in a cold wet cloud, which I distinctly saw rushing towards me, till it struck me in the face, and clothed me like a wet garment. Shortly afterwards came on a shower of sharp, hard, little hailstones, that penetrated like needle points, and soon it turned to a mixture of snow and sleet. Under this I wended my way along a mountain path that overhangs the Punch-Bowl and Gleana Cappul, or the Horse's Glyn. When the shower began to clear away, and the mist occasionally broke up, so as to transmit a gleam of light, it was almost fearful to look down the precipitous steep upon the sullen water, or the huge void of the deep glyn; while, from every jagged eminence, depended a fleece of fog, streaming like the torn banners from some castle's height, after the rush of the battle is over.

By the time I had slowly descended, with the assistance of the guide, to the bottom of the slippery and almost perpendicular bank, to the

level of the loch, the mist had passed away, and left only the fleecy rack careering with the wind; so that, after I had addressed myself with earnest diligence to my sandwiches, and repeated draughts of neat Hollands, I bounded down the mountain to Turk waterfall, with the vigour and agility of a native red deer; took the water at Glenah, and rowed across to Ross Castle, touching only at the island of Innisfallen, a delicious, quiet, little spot of soft green, and full of trees of Nature's own planting. The Abbey here has nothing to offend one, nor truly anything very much to interest either, though it be I know not how many ages older than that of Mucness. I must except one spot, to which the fair-haired gilly who showed the lions directed my attention in a manner rather to be imagined than described. The stone-wall was there

stripped of its ivy covering, and seared, evidently with the traces of recent fire; the scattered wood-ashes, too, on which the pensive eye of the lad rested, as his lip moistened, and his whole countenance assumed the pleasing melancholy cast of well-remembered pleasure—all, all betokened "that man had been here." "That, sir," said the lad, at length breaking silence, with a sigh of deep emotion, "that is the place where they brile the salmon wid branches of arbutus—just as they takes it out of the wather, they splits it, sir, and fixes it up wid arbutus skivers." "And is it excellent?" "D—I a bether in the nayshins."—(Nations.) Here was *food* for meditation! How idly do philosophers dispute whether man should be defined a rational, or a cooking animal! There needs but half an eye to see that the terms are synonymous.

HUTCHINSON'S HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.*

EVERYBODY has heard or read the history of the war of independence in America; but an intimate knowledge of the causes which estranged our transatlantic colonies from the parent state, and of the various transformations through which dissatisfaction passed ere it became rebellion, is by no means common. Governor Hutchinson, the historian of the province of Massachusetts, and author of the work now before us, was a distinguished actor in those troubled scenes, which he has described with an able and apparently faithful pen, though, from various causes, he was unfavourable to the independence of America, and discovers a strong prejudice against many of the popular leaders. His character, however, both as a man and as an author, appears to be held in great estimation in the republic; and indeed, the present work, which may

be regarded as the third volume of his "*History of Massachusetts*," seems to have been published in consequence of the pressing entreaties of several citizens of the United States. To show the opinion entertained of Governor Hutchinson in America, and the value set upon his literary productions, we shall select from the editor's preface what may be regarded as the history of the publication, convinced that whoever is likely to feel an interest in the work will be pleased with learning to whose exertions and care he owes it.

"The appearance of a work fifty years after being completed for the press, renders it necessary to explain both the occasion of the delay, and the grounds on which it is still deemed suitable for publication. When the government of England had acquiesced in the dismemberment of the empire, the editor's venerated

* The *History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, from 1749 to 1774*, comprising a detailed Narrative of the Origin and Early Stages of the American Revolution. By Thomas Hutchinson, Esq. LL.D., formerly Governor of the Province. Edited from the Author's MS. by his Grandson, the Rev. John Hutchinson, M.A. London, 1828. Murray.

uncle and father resisted every inducement to give to the public the following pages, at a time when they were eagerly sought, lest the publication of such a work, on their part, should, notwithstanding its unimpeached tone, have a tendency to deepen discordant feelings between countries, finally separated, indeed, as parent and colony, but realled, as independent powers, by the treaty of peace in 1783. Such, in fact, had been Governor Hutchinson's own reluctance to give personal offence, that, though he wrote his work five or six years before the treaty, which he did not survive to witness, yet, when about to describe the characters of some of the leading revolutionists, he left a discretionary power with his representatives, of introducing or omitting the passage (page 293—298,) having prefaced it with the words, 'Here insert as follows, if thought proper.' A vote, however, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, passed in 1818, to solicit the immediate appearance of this work; and the earnest applications of literary gentlemen in America, which were forwarded, with the vote, to the editor's father, furnished decisive evidence that the lapse of years had thrown the events of the revolutionary period sufficiently into distance, to put an end to the only important obstacle to publication. Subsequent delay has been merely accidental.

"Conjointly with the removal of the principal impediment, fresh inducement to publish presented itself: for the communications from America, whilst they clearly evinced that political excitement was at an end, bore also the strongest testimony to the high estimation in which the author was held, as the historian of his native country. In proof of this, the vote alluded to is here introduced.

"At a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society,

"October 29, 1818.

"Voted, That the President be desired, in the name of the Society, to make application to Elisha Hutch-

inson, Esq., of Birmingham, and other descendants and representatives of the late Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., formerly Governor of Massachusetts Bay, to obtain the continuation, or unpublished part, of his History, and to express the sense of the Society on the great value of that work, and the desire of the community on this side of the Atlantic to enjoy the complete labours of that distinguished antiquary.

"Attest. CHA. LOWELL,

"Recording Secretary.

"The President of the Historical Society, Judge Davis, in forwarding the above vote, also expressed his own sentiments in a letter to Mr. H.

"This letter was accompanied by another, from the former President of the Society, Christopher Gore, Esq., LL.D. containing a similar request.

"On the same occasion, the Rev. John Thornton Kirkland, D.D., President of Harvard College, Cambridge, addressed a letter to the editor's father, who graduated in that University in 1762.

"These testimonies, proceeding from men whose sentiments on the leading subject of this volume are naturally much at variance with those of its author, taken in connexion with the circumstance, that the literary zeal of an individual member of the Historical Society, James Savage, Esq., of Boston, has secured the private circulation of five hundred copies of the present edition in America, will, it is hoped, add interest to the work, in the eyes of that portion of English readers, whose favourable regard is especially solicited." pref. p. v.—x.

The historian commences his historical gallery of portraits with Mr. Bowdoin. Next come the portraits of Mr. Samuel Adams and Mr. Hawley; and those of Mr. John Adams and Mr. Hancock close the list.

We have only room to extract from this work the following curious account of the trial of a man at Boston, for piracy.

"The trial of a person for piracy,

committed upon the high seas properly, though at but a few leagues distance from Boston, deserves to be mentioned; if for no other reason, for the unparalleled cruelty and inhumanity of the fact; but there were, besides, circumstances attending the prosecution and trial, which show the prejudices of party in a very strong light.

"In the autumn of 1772, the crew of a small fishing schooner, and one passenger in her, sailed from Boston, bound to Chatham, a harbour on the back of Cape Cod. The next morning she was discovered between the harbour and the island of Nantucket, having nobody on board but the passenger, who made a signal of distress, and who gave an account, that, after leaving Boston, the vessel was boarded in the evening by a large boat, rowed with twelve oars, which came from an armed schooner lying to at a distance; that the boat's crew had murdered the whole company of the fishing vessel, consisting of three men and a boy, had plundered the vessel, and then left her, with her helm lashed, and her sails standing, and properly trimmed; that the passenger, supposing it to be a boat from one of the king's schooners, and that he should be impressed, had concealed himself, by hanging by his hands over the taffarel, and that, when the boat left the fishing vessel, he returned within board, and, as soon as the large schooner was out of sight, made sail and stood out to sea. There was much blood upon deck, and traces of blood which had run out at the scuppers, and marks of plunder, by broken boxes, stove casks, &c. The fishing vessel being carried into harbour, the passenger was examined by a justice of peace, who gave so much credit to his story as to suffer him to go at large, but thought it necessary to send a copy of his examination to the governor at Boston. Some were ready enough to charge the piracy and murder to a king's schooner, then expected from Rhode Island, and it was suggested that the crew might have risen upon the com-

mander and officers, and have become pirates. The admiral thought fit to send out one of the king's ships to cruise, which returned in eight or ten days without any discovery. Every part of the passenger's account appeared to the governor incredible, and, as a commissioner for the trial of piracies, &c. he issued a warrant to apprehend him, and bring him to Boston, and, after examination, committed him to prison for trial. A special court of vice-admiralty was soon after held in Boston, at which the prisoner was brought upon trial for the murder of the persons who, as was proved upon the fullest evidence, sailed in the vessel with him from Boston; but the counsel for the prisoner moving for further time, and urging that intelligence might probably be obtained of a pirate schooner having been in the bay, and it appearing that a large armed schooner sailed from Boston, bound to the coast of Guinea, at the same time with the fishing vessel, the court thought proper to adjourn the trial for six months.

"Before this time expired, the governor had received from the secretary of state the opinion of the attorney and solicitor-general, taken ten years before, upon the construction of the statute of king William for trial of piracies, &c. in America. And although jurisdiction was given in piracies, robberies, and other 'felonies,' yet, according to this opinion, murder, being a 'felony' of a higher nature than piracy, was not a 'felony' intended by the statute. It therefore became necessary to send the prisoner to England for trial there; or to try him in America for the 'piracy' only; or, otherwise, to discharge him. It was not practicable to have the evidence in England, necessary to conviction. He was therefore charged with the piracy only; but the advocate-general having set forth, in the libel, the murder of the four persons on board, as perpetrated by him in order to the piratical taking and carrying away of the vessel and goods—the offence for

which he was brought upon trial,—four of the eight judges who constituted the court, were of opinion that the crimes of murder and piracy were so blended together in the libel, as that, by convicting the prisoner of the one, they must convict him of the other also: the president and three other judges were of a contrary opinion, but not being the majority of the court, the prisoner escaped the punishment due to murder, greatly aggravated by circumstances attending it, three of the persons being near relations of the prisoner, and the other a boy, who seemed to have been killed, only to prevent discovery; the temptation to the act being the obtaining of the money which the crew had received at Boston, for the earnings of their vessel the year preceding.

"In common times, where there are violent marks of guilt of so horrid a crime, there is danger of prejudice so strong as not to admit of the weight justly due to circumstances which might tend to favour the person charged with being the perpetrator; but the prejudice arising from civil discord seems to predominate over all other prejudices to which the mind of man is liable.

"From the first knowledge of the account given by the prisoner, that the crew of a boat from a large schooner had committed the act,

some of the heads of the sons of liberty took part with him, and professed to make no doubt of its being a man of war schooner; and the governor was charged in the public prints with too critical and severe an examination of the prisoner, whose innocence, it was said, would appear. He was often visited in prison by some of the most active persons in opposition; and the people were taught, that, although pirates had been tried by a special court of admiralty, in this and other colonies, for fourscore years together, they had, nevertheless, been all this time deprived of the rights of Englishmen, a trial by jury, and brought upon trial before a court consisting wholly of crown officers, and many of them employed in the colonies for unconstitutional and oppressive purposes. And there was too great an appearance of a pleasing satisfaction, from the prisoner's having escaped punishment of a murder, which may be ranked among the most atrocious ever committed." p. 417—422.

In conclusion, we recommend the "History of Massachusetts Bay" to every person in England and America, who feels an interest in the cause of Freedom, convinced that, whatever may have been the opinions of the writer, the work cannot fail to be productive of unmingled good.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

My child, my child, how couldst thou fade
Beneath a mother's smile?
Oh, God! that death should even make
Its pageantry beguile!

Like dew upon the withering flower
I mark'd the hectic bloom,
Yet never dreamt there dwelt beneath
A summons to the tomb.

Oh no, such radiance in those eyes,
Such brightness seem'd to blaze,
One moment—then the livid hue
Of death's sepulchral gaze!

I might have seen, I might have felt
The warning sent from Heaven—
I might have known such brightness ne'er
To earthly-born was given.

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I might have mark'd in beauty's height
The feverish accents spoken;
But who, when sweetly sounds the harp,
Could guess its strings were broken?

I might have known, I might have felt,
How frail each fleeting dream,
The flower once cropp'd can ne'er survive,
Though freshen'd by the stream.

But oh! I never would believe,
What some had dared to tell,
I would not think those smiling lips
Could utter one farewell!

And oh! my child, years, years have flown,
And life's decay is mine,
And many a sun hath bow'd beneath
Affection's hallow'd shrine.

Yet still, when blithest soars the song
From freedom's festive bower,
I ever hear the knell, the grief
Of thy sad funeral hour!

Of thy sad funeral hour! my child!
When every hope had flown:
Now every breeze but sadly brings
The thought, that I'm alone.

And oft alone, in eve's sweet calm,
With raptured gaze on high,
I think in each warm cloud I may
Thy fleeting form descry.

But no! ah no, I gaze in vain,
Where mortal eyes intrude,
Then turn away to drop the tear
In utter solitude!

THE DREAMER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

There is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever.—*English Opium-eater.*

Rest from thy griefs!—thou art sleeping now;
The moonlight's peace is upon thy brow:
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast
Lies, 'midst the hush of thy heart, at rest;
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,
When Eve through the woodlands hath sighed farewell.

Rest!—the sad memories that through the day
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay;
The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,
That bowed thee, as winds bow the willow's head;
The yearnings for voices and faces gone;—
All are forgotten! Sleep on—sleep on!

Are they forgotten? It is not so!
Slumber divides not our hearts from their woe;
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,
Like lights and shades over wavy grass:
Tremblest thou, Dreamer? O Love and Grief!
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up leaf!

On thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,
As on a lyre ere its chords are still:
On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye
There's a large tear gathering heavily;
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit press'd!—
Sorrowful Dreamer! this is not rest.

It is Thought, at work amidst busied hours;
It is Love, keeping vigil o'er perished flowers.
—Oh! we bear within us mysterious things,
Of memory and anguish unfathomed springs,
And passion, those gulfs of the heart to fill
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still!

Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,
Flinging the peace of our couch away!
Well might we look on our souls in fear;
They find no fount of oblivion here!
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—
How know we, if under the wings of Death?

FASHIONABLE VISITING.

THERE is nothing in the world more wonderful than the pains which people take to make themselves uncomfortable. The desire displays itself in a thousand ways, in the stiff stocks and tight boots of the gentlemen, and in the still tighter stays of the ladies. But in no instance is this strange passion more conspicuous than in the **VISITING**

SYSTEM of modern times. A man marries, and takes a comfortable house in Spring Gardens,—one would suppose his object was to live there quietly and happily—to devote his mornings to the occupations which require his attention—to take a walk through the parks before dinner, and to spend the evening quietly and tranquilly at home. Nothing of the kind. He has scarcely lived long enough in his new habitation to find the way out of the drawing-room in the dark, when his lady thus addresses him—"I think, my dear Frederick, that it is quite time for us to see some of our friends: we shall really be reckoned quite rude. I met my old Irish friend, Lady Killcomfort, yesterday in the Park, and she complained that she had seen nothing of us since we came to town. My cousins, the B——s, too, are staying in Harley-street, and we must really have them. Then I told Capt. and Mrs. Tattleton, whom we met at the Opera on Saturday, that I hoped very soon to see them in Spring Gardens. Shall I send out a few cards?"

The unfortunate object of this address, of course, grants an immediate assent; and on that day three weeks Mrs. — is "at home" to one hundred and fifty of her friends. The fatal war of extermination (the extermination of all domestic tranquillity,) is now commenced. In revenge for dragging them from their peaceful homes, and exposing them to the suffocation of your crowded rooms, the parties injured invite you in return, and compel you (deserting the comfortable sofa, by your own fire-side,) to go through the same dreadful process. Engagement succeeds engagement, till, in the height of the season, the system reaches its climax. "Would you like, my love," says the dispirited husband, "to visit the country for a week or two: suppose we set off on Monday?" "I should like it very well; but I fear our engagements will not permit it." "I thought," replies the sighing husband, "that we had no engagements for next week." "Indeed, I fear you

are mistaken. On Monday we dine with General D'Escalade; on Tuesday, I have promised Amelia to take her to the Opera; on Wednesday, Lady Killcomfort gives her fancy-ball, (you know you said I should go as Psyche, Frederick); on Thursday, we are invited to a concert at Lord Braham's; and, on Friday, you know, my dear Frederick, you consented that I should give my first ball." "Did I, my Caroline?" murmurs the languid, loving husband: "well, I suppose we must defer our visit to the country."

The week passes on—the General's dinner is superb—Amelia is delighted with Medea—Psyche looks more lovely than her beautiful prototype—Lord Braham exceeds himself, and even "the ancients" burn with envy—and at last arrives the eventful day of the "first ball."

Annoyed with the sound of hammers, and the perpetual tramp of upholsterers and their assistants, the wretched master of the house (if, indeed, he can any longer be so called,) quits the little study in which he had taken refuge, and saunters through the town for want of a home. He returns to dinner: he walks into the drawing-rooms; they are denuded of their carpets, and two of Greensill's men are fixing a magnificent chandelier. He seeks the dining-room; it is filled with horse-shoe tables, and a splendid cold supper. He asks where he is to dine, and is told there is some cold meat in the servants' hall. He retreats into his little study: his books are covered with crimson drapery, and the scholar's peaceful habitation is converted into a *flirting-room*, hung round with a hundred pretty prints of "the Proposal," "the Acceptance," "the Love-Letter," and "the Forsaken." The hour arrives, and the crowds assemble. People whom he has half seen, and whom he has never seen, fill his rooms till they overflow into the gallery, and cluster on the stairs. The torrent increases, and the terrified husband seeks his wife. "My dear love," he whispers, "how many peo-

ple do you expect? Our rooms are quite full already." "To tell you the truth," she replies, "I have invited three hundred, expecting that only two-thirds of them would come; but I declare I think they are all here already. But never mind, my dear Frederick, it is going off very well.—Count Altenberg! I am very glad to see you. My dear Mrs. Percy, how do you do? When did you leave the Hills? Mr. Alfred Percy has just passed. When did you hear from Capt. Percy? We expect Lady Jane Greville to-night; but I have not yet seen her." Delighted and delightful, the lady of the house thus shines with undiminished brilliancy through the evening, while her unfortunate husband is sighing at the recollection of his formerly peaceful hearth.

Oh the misery of a great dinner! Having survived the dreadful interval between your first arrival, and "dinner is on the table," you are desired to hand the Dowager Lady O'Flaherty down stairs. Seated between her Ladyship and the senior Alderman of Farringdon Without, what a situation is yours! As you sit down the dreadful conviction flashes across your mind, that you are imprisoned, without the slightest chance of being let out on bail, for the full term of four hours. In vain do you direct your attention and conversation to the Dowager Lady O'Flaherty. There is no sympathy between you—no "common of talk"—no "debateable land." You have never visited Ballsblattery; to you the Phoenix Park is a mere sound; and even Merrion-square conveys not the definite ideas of magnificence, with which her ladyship desires to impress you. On your other side, the prospect is still darker. Before you have exchanged five words with the Alderman, you are involved in the history of the new "Joint-stock Carrion Company," and you suspect, with horror, that you are seated next to a member of Butchers' Hall. Having impartially bestowed your common-places on your right hand and on

your left, there is no other refuge than silence, and in sulky taciturnity, you "cram and blaspheme your feeder." With what feelings of bitter regret do you think upon the fried sole and boiled leg of mutton of yesterday, which you enjoyed in the freedom and obscurity of your own little dining-room, far—far removed from all dowagers and aldermen! What inward vows do you make, that, when once released from your present odious thralldom, you will never in future subject yourself to it again. But no; the world will have its martyrs; fresh invitations are given and accepted, and the hateful system is continued to the last.

Surely, in no country was that system ever carried to such a ruinous excess as in ours. We are never satisfied unless we entertain, in a handsomer manner than our neighbours, and find at our tables, persons in whom it is a condescension to appear there. "Men would be angels, angels would be gods." Mr. A. rests not till Sir B. C. promises to dine with him; and Sir B. C. insists upon entertaining Lord D. His Lordship is uneasy till the Duke of E. pays him his long-promised Christmas visit; and his Grace of E., in the last resort, petitions for the countenance of royalty. For distinctions like these will people sacrifice their time, and their money, and their independence; led on by the powerful passion of making themselves uncomfortable.

What should a sensible man do? Take the oath of abjuration. Abjure, renounce, deny, and detest, as utterly abominable and uncomfortable, all great dinners, evening parties, routs, riots, and other unlawful assemblies. When he wants to see his friends at his own house, let him invite a party of four, or (at most) of six, to dinner. If he wishes to see his friends at *their* houses, let him make them do the same. Let him never permit his wife to be "at home," for she is "never less at home, than when at home." Let him pay off Chiffonier and Squab, the upholsterers. Let him cut Lady

Killcomfort, and retreat before the advances of General D'Escalade. So shall he never find his drawing-

rooms uncarpeted, his dining-tables covered with a cold supper, or his study filled with flirtations.

VARIETIES.

CORSICAN HONOUR.

A SINGULAR circumstance has lately taken place in the Island of Corsica, which strongly indicates the character of the ruder inhabitants of the island. Two soldiers of a French regiment, stationed at Ajaccio, having deserted, their Colonel, in pursuing the pleasure *de la chasse*, met with one of the mountain shepherds, who acquainted him with the spot where the two soldiers had sought a retreat. The man was immediately rewarded for this intelligence by a gift of four Louis, and the colonel despatched a party in search of the delinquents, who were apprehended, conducted to headquarters, and tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death. The relations of the shepherd becoming acquainted with the circumstance, assembled, and pronounced that he had for ever dishonoured his family by receiving the price of blood; they seized and bound him, and, on the day and hour when the unfortunate soldiers were shot at Ajaccio, the same death was inflicted by them on the shepherd. After the execution of the two military offenders, a priest (who had been obliged by the mountaineers to confess and shrive the shepherd, prior to his quitting the world) appeared upon the parade, and returned to the colonel the four Louis, in acquainting him of the mode adopted by those who had employed him to avenge their injured honour.

THE BLIND BOOKSELLER OF AUGSBOURG.

Perhaps one of the greatest curiosities in the city of Augsburg is a bookseller, of the name of Wimprecht, who had the misfortune to be born blind, but whose enterprising spirit has enabled him to struggle success-

fully against the melancholy privations he was doomed to sustain, and to procure, by his industry and intelligence, a respectable and comfortable support for a large family dependent upon him. His library consists of more than eight thousand volumes, which are, of course, frequently subject to change and renewal; but, as soon as he acquires a new stock, the particulars of each book are read to him by his wife, and his discrimination permits him to fix its value; his touch, to recognise it at any period, however distant; and his memory never fails him in regard to its arrangement in his shop. His readiness to oblige, his honesty, and information on books in general, have procured him a large custom; and, under such extraordinary natural disadvantages, he has become a useful, and haply will render himself a wealthy member of the society to which he belongs.

MUSTACHES.

The Duke of Cumberland's order to his regiment of horse-guards to stain their mustaches of a prescribed and uniform colour, has revived in the convivial parties of that corps, the brave Wolfe's favourite song:—

“Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Whose business is to dye!”

THE EARWIG.

The name of this insect, in most European languages, has given it a character which causes a feeling of alarm even at the sight of it. Whether or not they ever did enter the human ear is doubtful—that they might endeavour to do so under the influence of fear, is very probable; and this, perhaps, has been the origin of their name, and the universal preju-

dice against them. As it is said that anatomists deny the possibility of their deep or dangerous entrance into the ear, it is a pity that this is not generally known, as it might defend the constitutionally timid from unnecessary alarm, and give a more favourable idea of a part of animal creation, which forms a most necessary link in the chain of being.

CAMILLUS AND THE GAULS.

The romantic story of Camillus coming up and defeating the Gauls, as they were receiving the ransom gold of Rome, is now regarded as a tale void of foundation; but more modern times have seen a deed which strongly resembles, and yet exceeds it. About the year 1000, sixty Norman knights were on their return from a pilgrimage to St. Michael of Gargans, and they happened to arrive at Salerno just at the time when that town, closely pressed by an army of Arabs, had purchased their retreat with a sum of money. They found the inhabitants engaged in collecting the price of their ransom, and the army of the Musulmauns devoid of apprehension. This troop of knights, aided by the most courageous of the inhabitants, took advantage of the dark to fall on the camp of the enemy, and put to the route the 15,000 Arabs whom it contained. The Duke of Salerno wished to reward his deliverers, but they, magnanimous as brave, refused all honours and all recompense.

MR. THOMAS PARK.

The death of this African traveller, the son of Mungo Park, having been attributed to poison, administered by the priests, in revenge for his interference with some religious ceremony of the natives—a gentleman of Selkirk (the residence of his family and friends) has addressed a letter to the *Edinburgh Journal*, in which he rescues the memory of young Park from the imputation of this imprudence, and states that he died on the 31st of October, of the yellow fever, after an illness of nine days,

during which, Akitto, the king of Aquambo, treated him with the greatest kindness. His papers and effects had been sent to Captain Fry, the commandant of Accra, and have arrived in England by the *Esk*.

TRANSFUSION.

Some successful experiments are now making, by a gentleman in Herefordshire, with the view of preserving valuable fruit-trees from decay, by planting young trees in the vicinity, and transfusing the sap of the young plants through the bark of the decaying tree, and thus uniting the circulation of both.

CURE FOR THE SMALLPOX.

At a meeting of the French Royal Academy of Medicine, M. Valpean read an essay to prove that if the pustules in this disease be cauterized within two days after the eruption, they die away entirely, and if even later, their duration is abridged, and no traces of them are left. The caustic which he used, was a solution of nitrate of silver, into which he dipped a probe, with which he pierced the centre of each pustule; this remedy he had tried in numerous cases with a very good effect.

LIVERY SEISIN.

Two men of the village of Burney, in the department of the Loire, had very recently a dispute on their respective rights to a small piece of marshy ground; one claiming a moiety, the other totality. Two experts were summoned, and the litigants argued their respective claims with the utmost energy. He who demanded a half, was a grenadier; while the other was of a middling stature; but, notwithstanding the latter's disparity in point of size, his tongue was far the more active of the two. The grenadier at last, vexed and wearied with the discussion, exclaimed, taking his opponent in his arms, "If you will have it, take it;" at the same time, putting him in possession, by lodging him up to his neck in the bog, where he left him to speculate

at his leisure on the *nature* of his *property*, and profit by his lesson in this novel practice of the law. Preston surely could not have made a more effectual *conveyance of the soil*.

LA FAYETTE.

While La Fayette was lying recently on a sick bed, and supposed by his physicians to be asleep, one of the latter observed to a colleague, "that the Parisians were all furnishing themselves with the uniform of the National Guards to attend his funeral." La Fayette was, however, awake, and turning to them, observed, "*Au moins l'on ne m'accusera pas d'être de cette conspiration.*"

LORD NELSON'S NIGHT-CAP.

Dr. Burney, who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson, after his victory of the Nile, "*Honor est a Nilo*," (Horatio Nelson,) was shortly after on a visit to his lordship, at his beautiful villa, at Merton. From his usual absence of mind, he forgot to put a night-cap into his portmanteau, and consequently, borrowed one from his lordship. Previously to his retiring to rest, he sat down to study, as was his common practice, and was shortly after alarmed by finding the cap in flames; he immediately collected the burnt remains, and returned them to his lordship, with the following lines:—

"Take your night-cap again, my good lord, I
desire,
I would not detain it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's
fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it."

BOMBAST: MORE OR LESS.

The French Minister of Marine, M. Hyde de Neuville, presented the other day to the Chamber of Deputies a bill for granting a pension of 60*l.* per annum to Mdle. Bisson, the sister of Lieutenant Bisson, who blew up his vessel to prevent her being taken by the Greek pirates. After a florid, poetical speech, in which he described fifteen Frenchmen combating one hundred and thirty Greeks, he added, "the superiority of num-

bers alone decided the fate of the day. The brave Bisson had prepared every thing: he escaped from the fight, said, 'Adieu, pilot, it is time to finish:' he put a match to the powder; the sacrifice is consummated; and France counts a hero the *more!*" One would have fancied that the hero being killed, made a hero the less.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The funeral ceremonies of the Sereres, an African tribe, are singular. The corpse being seated, and richly attired, is thus addressed by a relation: "Why will you leave us? Have we not among us every thing that you could wish for? Who is the sorcerer, the enemy, who has destroyed you?" Another person, placed behind the corpse, civilly answers for it, that it merely desires to be buried. Exclamations of grief then commence; but as soon as the body is interred, joy succeeds; the persons present sing and dance, and the *fete* lasts for nine days.

RETURN OF COMETS.

Were the astronomical doctrine of comets correct, we should be no less certain of the return of any particular comet, than of the revolution of any particular planet. The orbits of comets are mathematically calculated, and their returns are confidently predicted; yet the fact is certain, that out of above 500 comets recorded to have appeared, not more than two or three are supposed to have returned regularly; we say *supposed*, for, even when a comet has appeared *nearly* at the time astronomically foretold, it has not been satisfactorily proved, in any case, to be the identical comet expected. Professor Encke, indeed, has determined the orbit of what he designates a comet, which returns in three years, and has already been seen twice, if not three times; but we are inclined to suspect, that Encke's comet has more affinity to the planets Ceres, Juno, Pallas, and Vesta, than to the comets hitherto observed.

LONDON BRIDGE.

The following is an account of the number of vehicles which passed over London bridge on the days specified :—

On Friday, May 16th, 1828.

From the Borough to the City.

* Carts and wagons	2,260
† Coaches, &c.	826
	<hr/>
	3,086

From the City to the Borough.

* Carts and wagons	2,407
† Coaches, &c.	897
	<hr/>
	3,304
	<hr/>
	3,086

Total 6,390

Saturday, May 17th, 1828.

From the Borough to the City.

* Carts and wagons	2,253
† Coaches, &c.	1,068
	<hr/>
	3,321

From the City to the Borough.

* Carts and wagons	2,510
† Coaches, &c.	710
	<hr/>
	3,220
	<hr/>
	3,321

Total 6,541

This account was taken with great care, to be laid before the Lords of the Treasury.

CURIOUS BIRD.

A bird called the *emu*, frequently weighing 100 lb. is hunted by the settlers of New South Wales for the sake of its oil. Its taste, when cooked, more resembles beef than fowl.

POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The population of Great Britain, from data afforded by the three decennial enumerations of 1801, 1811, and 1821, may be safely taken to have increased at the rate of 200,000 in each year from 1815 to 1827, or in the period since the peace, to the amount of 2,400,000.

COFFEE.

It was owing in some measure to a distinguished French botanist, that we are so abundantly furnished with the coffee berry. Two plants were, under his care, taken to the West Indies, from the botanic gardens at Paris, but on the voyage the supply of water became nearly exhausted; this person was so anxious to preserve the plants that he deprived himself of his allowance in order to water the coffee-plants. From these two, all the coffee grown in the West Indies has sprung. Formerly, coffee could only be got at a great expense from Mocha in Arabia.

PRIDE.

A German lord left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be enclosed upright in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed and fastened to a post in the parish, in order to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

NEW WORKS.

The Puffiad; a Satire, by Robert Montgomery, author of the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, is just published.

Notions of the Americans, by Mr. Cooper, the admired novelist, will appear immediately. In this work, a genuine picture of American life and manners will be given, which, it is supposed, will have the effect of counteracting some of the superficial and erroneous accounts of recent English travellers.

The Bride, a Tragedy, from the pen of Joanna Baillie, the celebrated dramatic poetess, will speedily be published.

Mr. Aglio, who has travelled over the greater parts of Europe, for the purpose of collecting the manuscripts of ancient Mexico, is on the eve of publishing the fruits of his researches. The work will be illustrated by a copious text, and by several lithographic drawings of various Mexican monuments.

* Including vans and other vehicles for merchandise, drawn by horses.

† Including chaises, stage-coaches, and other vehicles for passengers.